

T H E

Monthly Miscellany,

For SEPTEMBER, 1777.

WARBECK, *an Historical Novel,*
from the French of Mr. Arnaud.

(Continued from our last.)

ASTLEY, eager to inform his brother of this adventure, who hid nothing from his friend, invited him to come to Fryon.

From a distance the Secretary perceived the young stranger, he was struck with the resemblance to Edward, and running to him, caressed him with affability:—I know all thy secrets Warbeck, rest happy in my confidence, nor reproach yourself with a passion which hurts the nobleness of your soul: Pride produces great men. I predict you are born for further honours; I will serve you to the extent of your wishes, promise only to return to me, and that there shall be no other than your two friends acquainted of your approaching fate. You will be the happiest of mortals.

Fryon was so elated, that he could

scarcely express himself, the more he conversed with the youth, the more he applauded his discovery. Scarcely had he left him, before he flew to Margaret.—“Heaven, madam,” said he, “has performed a miracle for you, a sure revenge is now in your hands: your enemy totters on his throne, Henry Tudor falls; the genius of the Yorks springs from the tombs and fights for us.”

Fryon then rendered an exact account to his sovereign, he did not forget the love which Warbeck was influenced with. He is in love “cried the Duchess.” Fryon, we will make him a hero, a monarch: the greatest enthusiasm is that of love. Yes, my revenge is sure: This Simmel had only a soul without feeling, if he had loved, he would now have reigned. The Countess of Huntley is a favourable divinity, who comes to our aid; let us catch this happy means; let us haste, I will see the avenger of my wrongs,
S 2 which

which heaven has sent me, introduce him directly to my presence, and do thou alone assist at the interview.

The able confidant of Warbeck, conducted by Fryon, was presented to Margaret, she felt the same impression which her secretary had.—"I think, I see once more my dear Edward, it is he himself!" she then gave Warbeck the most flattering eulogiums; in fact, nature seemed to have given him what his birth refused him; his air was noble and majestic. The least word which escaped from Warbeck, carried with it the character of interest, preferable, without doubt, to the sensations less durable than the mind alone excites. His physiognomy were mildness and vivacity united. The graces of youth and ingenuousness, a new charm to so many agreements.

The Duchess could not leave Warbeck, she kept interrogating him, and his answers only served to increase the predominant impression it produced, and to discover his talents.

Warbeck, "said she to him," rest assured of my protection, and render yourself worthy of it, I have great designs on the tapis for you. Fryon is intrusted with my pleasures and favours for you. I only exact an unlimited and profound silence; let your confidence go no farther than the two Astleys. We will often see each other, be cautious of any, the least indiscretion, nor let any thing escape you, and I may elevate you to the utmost pinnacle of fortune; in short, strive to deserve the fate which I prepare for you.—"Fryon he may withdraw."

Warbeck, in the intoxication of his joy, ran to his two friends, and told them, with transport, the re-

ception which Margaret gave him; he opened his whole soul to the most dazzling illusions, he travelled with gigantic strides; he flew in a new sphere, but the object which inflamed him, held the first place in these ambitious dreams, where he delighted to wander in.

To his other knowledge, Warbeck joined some elements of drawing, he drew the portrait of Huntley; he addressed it with the most passionate expressions, he clasped it often to his breast, and smothered it with his kisses; he invoked it as his tutular genius, which presided o'er his fate. Warbeck is no longer a human form, but a being of a new kind, created by love and ambition. Never did the fabulous gods show a soul so prepared for romantic deeds.

The Duchess saw Fryon again. We must finish our business "said she," Warbeck must disappear from society, and be transported to a solitary house, situated some miles from town, there he will see only thee, his two friends, and some faithful domestics, who will be in the secret, from that asylum he shall not be drawn, but to be conducted here, when I shall order him; instruct your pupil well in the part he is to act.—What a consoling prospect for me! Richmond, I will revenge my niece; I will pluck the crown from thy head; thou shalt know what an enraged woman is. The blood of the Yorks boils in my veins. Let me die, but let me in my death, taste the pleasure of dragging thee with me.

The secretary did not stop from executing his orders, he made the two Astleys his confidants, and renewed to them promises, capable to impose on them; he exacted their word, that they should not declare to Warbeck, to what he was destined

ried till the moment the scheme was to take place.

Warbeck therefore quitted the town, and lived remote from all communication with it. Fryon gave him to understand, that this retreat was necessary, for the execution of an enterprize which he should be acquainted with in time: he was only served by two domestics, and only saw the Astleys and Fryon. Never was comedian better disposed, Edward VI. his queen and family, were continually placed before his eyes; the least circumstances which regarded the Duke of York, were painted in lively colours to him, and continually dwelt on the happy events which had freed the two executioners ready to massacre him. Care was taken, that scholar should repeat these, with that ingenuous simplicity which inclines to truth, and spreads over the weakest expression an interest, a charm, from which, them that hear it, have a trouble to defend themselves.

When Warbeck had received these first lessons, Margaret, impatient to see her project put in execution, was desirous of putting her hand to the business: the youth, guided by Fryon alone, often appeared before her. One word from this artful woman, was a light to Warbeck, it taught him to assume the voice, and manners, of a person of quality, recommended him to join affability to external accomplishments, and to throw a certain air of majesty, on the unfortunate picture he had to draw, shewing him how a prince, without debasing himself, may claim compassion and pity; she taught him likewise, the happy talent of pleasing the populace, to inflame them, &c. In short, Warbeck soon attained the point of representing grandeur in all its pomps and forms.

(To be continued.)

Hyacinthus killed, playing at Quoits with Apollo.

(With a beautiful Engraving.)

A POLLO and Hyacinthus being both prepared and sleek with oil, descended on earth to "whirl the rival Discus through the air." Apollo with manly strength first threw the broad and ponderous quoit whose swift career dispersed the hovering clouds as it flew along. The quoit thus threw proclaimed Apollo's strength and art. Hyacinthus, rash and ambitious, with a boyish haste, waited for the following oil, and longed to try his skill, to conquer the God of day, and too eager to take it up, he approached too near, when the power of the quoit not being spent, rebounded against his forehead, felt the powerful stroke and fell to the earth,

*An Account of the Reign of Henry V.
King of England.*

HENRY V. the eldest son of Henry IV. was born in 1388. and succeeded his father in 1413. Though wild and unruly in his youth, he no sooner obtained the crown, than he altered his conduct. He chose a council of state composed of men of distinguished wisdom, and discarded those who had been the companions of his irregularities. In 1415, he embarked an army, and having landed at Havre-de-Grace, laid siege to Harfleur, which surrendered in five weeks. Soon after the French king assembled an army six times as numerous as that of the English, and challenged them to fight, to which Henry consented; notwithstanding his army laboured under every disadvantage of sickness and want. On the 25th of October 1415, Henry drew up his small

army near Agincourt, and disposed his few men to such advantage, that he gained a complete victory, after having been several times knocked down, and in the most imminent danger of losing his life. Henry prosecuted the war with great vigour, and continuing successful, a treaty was concluded in 1420, at Troyes, which was ratified by the states of France.

By this treaty the Dauphin was disinherited, and Henry V. married to Catherine of France, and was declared regent of that kingdom till the death of Charles VI. when he was to take possession of that crown. But notwithstanding this treaty, the war was continued by the Dauphin, and the next year Henry advanced into France with thirty thousand men; but while he was marching towards the river Loire, he was seized with a pleuretic fever, and was carried to Vincennes, where he died the 31st of August, 1422, in the 34th year of his age, and 10th of his reign. His body was conveyed to England, and interred at Westminster Abbey.

Account of the new Comedy of three Acts, called The Spanish Barber, or Fruitless Enquiry. The Fable of which is as follows :

DOCTOR Bartolo, an old physician, being guardian to Rosina, a beautiful young creature, immures her in his house with an intent of marrying her. She is seen, and beloved by Count Almeviva, under the fictitious name of Don Carlos, who accidentally meeting with Lazarello, (an old servant of his at Madrid) under her window, and finding that he has the entree of the Doctor's house, under the character of his barber-surgeon and

assitant, again takes him into his service as a useful person to assist him in his courtship. Lazarello, therefore, soon after takes the opportunity of this his intimacy with the Doctor, and begins his plot upon the servants, by giving them a doze, which sets Argus constantly gaping, and Tallboy a sneezing; and with this circumstance the first act concludes, which had one of the most laughable effects we ever remember to have seen.

In the second act, the Count assumes the name of Alonzo, a licentiate in music, sent by Basil, a creature of the Doctor's, who is likewise a music master, and who, he says, is very ill, and in this capacity comes to teach Rosina; the better too to gain his confidence, he shews the Doctor a letter which Rosina wrote to Count Almeviva, but begs him to keep it a secret; this takes as it was designed; the Doctor sends for Rosina, who, amazed at seeing her lover under this disguise, is nearly discovering all by her surprise; but recollecting herself, she sings a lesson, (or, in fact, makes love whilst the Doctor is dozing in his arm-chair.) Lazarello comes to forward the plot, under pretence of shaving the Doctor; and by means of his sending him for his razors, &c. Lazarello steals the key of the garden gate out of the closet, in order to give the lovers an opportunity of escaping that night. But unluckily, at this instant, Basil arrives, and the lovers give up all for lost, till the Count, with great presence of mind, whispers the Doctor not to let Basil know about the letter, &c. as the plot was not yet ripe for a discovery. Duped by this contrivance, the Doctor consents; and before Basil has time to come to have an explanation of the affair, the Doctor himself is the means of sending him out of the house, Lazarello

now

now begins shaving the Doctor, but the lovers, not being so prudent in concealing their affections before him, he discovers that Alonzo is a fictitious character, and drives both the Count and his servant out of the house.

The third act opens with a conversation between the Doctor and his fair ward, in which he shews her the letter she wrote to Don Carlos, which he gave him in secrecy, and upbraids her with her folly, in loving a man who could thus betray her, as well as her ingratitude in giving her hand to another. Rosina, ignorant upon what foundation her letter was given, and stung to the soul with repentment, consents to marry the Doctor, which the other accepts with pleasure, and hastens to prepare a notary for finishing it that night. Whilst he is gone, the Count and his man enter at the garden gate, dripping wet, from a storm; and after satisfying Rosina of his constancy, and owning his rank, and that his giving the letter to the Doctor, was but for the better carrying on his courtship, she forgives him, and they are on the moment of going off, when the Notary and Basil arrive; the former with two deeds of marriage settlements, (the one between Count Almeriva and Rosina; the other between Dr. Bartolo and Rosina) one of which being bespoke by Lazarello that morning, and the Notary not knowing the parties, the Count persuades him that it was a double marriage, and that there were two Rosinas, and if he pleased, they would begin with him, and the Doctor would be there presently to sign his. The notary is gulled by this; but Basil demurs, till the Count, throwing a purse of gold into his hands at the same time—such weighty reasons have a powerful effect, and he becomes a witness to their marriage

articles. The Doctor now arrives, and being informed at what happened, he is obliged to make the best of it, and the piece concludes with suitable reflections on the disparity of matrimonial engagements.

This theatrical Morceau is a translation by Mr. Colman from *Le Barbier De Seville* of *Monf. Beaumarchais*, a French author, now living, of some character in the literary world; and though the plot is truly Spanish, yet the embarrassments are delicate and well-worked; the dialogue humorous and full of observation, and the characters, though not new, are well employed, and speak the language of their conformation. It was received by a very numerous and polite audience, with very great applause, and promises to keep up a constant laugh on the theatre.

The performers were not a little concerned in supporting the character of this piece; when we mention *Parsons* played the Old Man, it is sufficient praise. *Mr. Palmer* was as usual, very easy in his character, but licked his lips a little too lasciviously (which is too commonly his practice in love scenes) at the beautiful *Rosina*. *Mr. Edwin* had all bustle, the humour, the intrigue of a Spanish valet in high preservation. *Mr. Blisset*, in *Basil*, though a short part, made a good one of it; his face is happily suited for dry humour, and he gave some very good impressions of it. *Miss Farren*, in her Spanish habit, was a perfect Spanish beauty, and shewed all the simplicity and tenderness of the part; nor should the sneezing and gaping scene be omitted, which was very naturally and ludicrously hit off by *Mr. Jackson* and *R. Palmer*.

The Prologue was spoken by *Mr. Parsons*, in the character of *Paul Prigg*, a *Ludgate-hill* mercer, who gave an account of his constant trips to Paris, the names of the people,
&c.

&c. and that amongst his silks, had brought home this little unwrought piece, which was again put into the loom by a little weaver in Soho, who, if it was not liked, would say it was not his; but, if the contrary, was ready to take all the merit on himself. The Epilogue was spoken by Miss Farren, pretty tolerably for so young a performer, but was vastly behind the Prologue, both in matter and humour. Mr. Colman spared no expence, either in scenes or dresses, both of which were got up with propriety and character.

The following song is sung by Miss Farren, in the character of Rosina, in the second act.

LOVE the soul firing,
Love all-inspiring,
Now my fair,
Nature invites thee to share,
Joyful advancing,
See, the hours dancing,
On full wing
Merrily lead in the spring,
Winter sternly retiring,
The flowers are springing,
Birds are singing,
On every spray;
See, the goats on rocks,
In the meads the flocks
Frolic, sport, and play,
And rejoice in May.

Turtles are cooing,
Sparrows are billing,
Shepherds are wooing,
Maidens are willing.
Spring, with all its treasure,
Brings no joy to me;
Carlos know no pleasure
No delight but thee.

Mark his tears,
With his tender caresses,
Whate'er love expresses;
Anxious fears,
And hope without reason,
And mirth out of season;
Mixing joy with sadness;
Speaking sober madness.

Should some guardian nigh,
With a jealous eye
Watch the am'rous swain,
Then he checks his gladness:—
But if fortune cruel
Adds a galling chain,
Love receives new fuel,
Tastes delight in pain.

The Origin of LOVE and MARRIAGE.

AN ALLEGORY.

Mankind, according to that fanciful philosopher Plato, were not, in their original, divided into male and female, as at present; but each individual person was a compound of both sexes, and was in himself both husband and wife, melted down into one living creature. This union, no doubt, was very entire, and the parts very well adjusted together, since there resulted a perfect harmony betwixt the male and female, although they were obliged to be inseparable companions. And so great was the harmony and happiness flowing from it, that the Androgynes (for so Plato calls them) or Men-Women, became insolent upon their prosperity, and rebelled against the gods. To punish them for this temerity, Jupiter could contrive no better expedient than to divorce the male part from the female, and make two imperfect beings of the compound, which was before so perfect. Hence the origin of men and women as distinct creatures. But notwithstanding this division, so lively is our remembrance of the happiness which we enjoyed in our primæval state, that we are never at rest in this situation; but each of these halves is continually searching through the whole species to find the other half, which was broken from it: and when they meet, they join again with the greatest fondness and

and sympathy. But it often happens, that they are mistaken in this particular; that they take for their half what no way corresponds to them; and that the parts do not meet nor join in with each other, as usual in fractures. In this case the union is soon dissolved, and each part is set loose again to hunt for its lost half, joining itself to every one whom it meets by way of trial; and enjoying no rest, till its perfect sympathy with its partner shews, that it has at last been successful in its endeavours.

Were I disposed to carry on this fiction of Plato, which accounts for the mutual affection betwixt the sexes in so agreeable a manner, I would do it by the following allegory.

When Jupiter had separated the male from the female, and had quelled their pride and ambition by so severe an operation, he could not but repent him of the cruelty of his vengeance, and take compassion on poor mortals, who were now become incapable of any repose or tranquillity. Such cravings, such anxieties, such necessities arose, as made them curse their creation, and think existence itself a punishment. In vain had they recourse to every other occupation and amusement. In vain did they seek after every pleasure of sense, and every refinement of reason. Nothing could fill that void, which they felt in their hearts, or supply the loss of their partner, who was so fatally separated from them. To remedy this disorder, and bestow some comfort, at least, on human race in their forlorn situation, Jupiter sent down Love to Hymen to collect the broken halves of human kind, and piece them together in the best manner possible. These two deities found such a prompt disposition in mankind to unite again to their primitive state,

that they proceeded on their work with wonderful success for some time: till at last, from many unlucky accidents, dissention arose betwixt them. The chief counsellor and favourite of Hymen was Care, who was continually filling his patron's head with prospects of future; a settlement; a family, children, servants; so that little else was regarded in all the matches they made. On the other hand, Love had chosen Pleasure for his favourite, who was as pernicious a counsellor as the other, and would never allow Love to look beyond the present momentary gratification, or the satisfying of the prevailing inclination. These two favourites became in a little time irreconcilable enemies, and made it their chief business to undermine each other in all their undertakings. No sooner had Love fixed upon two halves, which he was cementing together, and forming to a close union, but Care insinuates himself, and bringing Hymen along with him, dissolves the union produced by Love, and joins each half to some other half which he had provided for it. To be revenged of this, Pleasure creeps in upon a pair already joined by Hymen; and calling Love to his assistance, they underhand contrive to join each half, by secret links, to halves which Hymen was wholly unacquainted with. It was not long before this quarrel was felt in its pernicious consequences; and such complaints arose before the throne of Jupiter, that he was obliged to summon the offending parties to appear before them, in order to give an account of their proceedings. After hearing the pleadings on both sides, he ordered an immediate reconciliation betwixt Love and Hymen, as the only expedient for giving happiness to mankind. And that he might be sure this reconciliation should be durable,

durable, he laid his strict injunctions on them, never to join any halves without consulting their favourites Care and Pleasure, and obtaining the consent of both to the conjunction. Where this order is strictly observed, the Androgyne is perfectly restored, and the human race enjoy the same happiness as in their primeval state. The seam is scarce perceived that joins the two beings together; but both of them combine to form one perfect and happy creature.

*Original and authentic ANECDOTE of
the late Dr. GOLDSMITH.*

THOSE in the least acquainted with the private character of the Doctor, knew that *economy* and *forefight* were not amongst the catalogue of his virtues. In the suite of his pensioners (and he generally enlarged his list as he enlarged his finances) was the late unfortunate Jack Pilkington, of scribbling memory, who had served the Doctor so many tricks, that he despaired of getting any more money from him, without coming out with a *Chef d'œuvre* once for all. He accordingly called on the Doctor one morning, and running about the room in a fit of joy, told him his fortune was made. "How so Jack?" (says the Doctor) Why, says Jack, the Duchess of Marlborough, you must know, has long had a strange *p penchant* for a pair of *white mice*; now, as I know they were sometimes to be had in the East Indies, I commissioned a friend of mine, who was going out then, to get them for me, and he is this morning arrived with two of the most beautiful little animals in nature. After Jack had finished this account with a transport of joy, he lengthened his visage by telling the Doctor all was ruined, for without *two guineas* to buy a cage for the mice, he could

not present them. The Doctor unfortunately, as he said himself, had but half a guinea in the world, which he offered him. But Pilkington was not to be beat out of his scheme; he perceived the Doctor's watch hanging up in his room, and after premising on the indelicacy of the proposal, hinted, that if he could spare that watch for a week, he could raise a few guineas on it, which he would repay him with gratitude. The Doctor would not be the means of spoiling a man's fortune for such a trifle. He accordingly took down the watch, and gave it to him, which Jack immediately took to the pawnbroker's, raised what he could on it, and never once looked after the Doctor, till he sent to borrow another half guinea from him on his death-bed; which the other, under such circumstances, very generously sent him.

*Venus commanding the Graces to crown
Themira.*

A N hundred women came to the island of Cyprus, the daughters of proud Sparta; afterwards came twenty Babylonians, dressed in purple robes embroidered with gold; an hundred Egyptian women, and some from the extremity of the earth, came before the goddess, and disputed for the prize. Venus smiling beheld Themira with pleasure. As we observe a rose in the midst of the flowers that spring in the grass, so was Themira distinguished among so many beauties. They had not time to become her rivals; they were vanquished before they feared her: she no sooner appeared, than the eyes of Venus were fixed on her; and calling the Graces, "Go," said she, "and crown Themira, for of all the beauties I behold she alone resembles you."

*History of Portsmouth, Isle of White,
&c. &c.*

PORTSMOUTH derives its name from its situation at the port or mouth of a creek that runs up a part of the coast, which at high water is surrounded by the sea, and therefore called Portsea Island.

Portsea Island is a flat fertile country, about sixteen miles in circumference, joined to the main land by a stone bridge of one arch, called Ports-bridge, three miles and a half from Portsmouth, where there is a small garrison; the land in this island is esteemed as good as any in the kingdom.

Portsmouth is a handsome borough town, seventy-three miles distant from London, consisting of four principal streets; these are crossed at different distances by several others, all in general spacious, airy and well disposed. It is governed by a mayor, recorder, twelve aldermen, town-clerk, and burgesses without limitation: It was first incorporated by King Richard the First, on the second of May 1194, in the fifth year of his reign; who granted a fair or mart, for fifteen days, to begin on St. Peter's day, the twenty-ninth of June; a weekly market on Thursday, and other immunities; but by the alteration of the stile, the fair now begins on the tenth of July; two more market days have since been added, viz. Tuesday and Saturday; the latter being now by much the largest.

The corporation have had many charters since from succeeding Kings, confirming their privileges; the last of which was given by Charles I. (and this they now enjoy) who granted them several additional privileges; there is a very neat town-hall, which stands in the middle of the High-street, where is held a Court of Record, every Tuesday,

(except at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsonide) in which any person may be held to bail for a debt not under forty shillings: there are two sessions of the peace in the year, viz. within a month after Easter and Michaelmas, wherein are tried all petty larcenies, and other small offences; but nothing capital can be determined here. This borough sends two members to parliament.

In the reign of King Richard II. when that prince was on very bad terms with his subjects, the French took the opportunity of landing here, and burnt the town, after plundering the inhabitants of their most valuable effects: A few years after they made a second attempt to land, but the town being rebuilt, the inhabitants fitted out a fleet, gave them battle, and took all their ships, after a very desperate engagement, in which only nine of the enemy escaped with life, who having gained the shore in a boat, were immediately taken prisoners.

The English, elated with this success, attacked the French on their own coast, sailed up the river Seine, burnt and sunk many of the enemy's ships, and returned to England with a great and rich booty of wines and other articles of merchandize. From this period the place began to flourish; the government being sensible of the importance of this town and harbour, fortified it according to the best rules laid down by the most eminent engineers, so that it is now the only regular fortification in this kingdom, and may with propriety be called the Key of England.

The fortifications were begun by King Edward the Fourth, augmented by the Kings, Henry VII. and VIII. and Queen Elizabeth was at so great an expence in improving the works, that nothing was thought wanting in those days to complete them; however, Charles II. added very much to their

their strength, extent, and magnificence; and every year since the succeeding kings have been making additions to the strength and beauty of the garrison: There is an annual allowance from government for keeping it in proper repair.

The Empress Maud, when she contended for the crown with King Stephen in 1139, landed here, and when King Henry III. meditated the invasion of France, in 1259, he mustered his army near this place. In 1545, the French engaged the fleet of King Henry VIII. in the midst of the haven, the king having but six ships; notwithstanding which, the French were defeated with great loss, though much superior in ships, guns and men. In this action, the Mary Rose, commanded by Sir George Carew, was sunk, not by the damage received by the enemy, but some mismanagement, and the weight of her own ordnance; the captain, several young men of quality, and the crew were lost: at that time the king being here, saw from the shore the whole action.

Portsmouth stands on a gradual descent to the sea; and since the new pavement has been finished, may be esteemed one of the most pleasant, neat and healthy towns in the kingdom. The markets are plentifully supplied with good butcher's meat, poultry of all sorts, fish, eggs, butter, bacon, &c.

The Grand Parade is at the lower end of the High-street, it is very spacious; two regiments of soldiers may be reviewed on it with ease. On one side stands the main guard-house to the garrison. From this you go by an easy ascent to the platform, the principal saluting battery, from which there is an amazing fine prospect of Spithead and the Isle of Wight.

The ramparts are a beautiful elevated terrace walk, of a mile and a

quarter round, edged with elm trees, kept in a most regular order. From this eminence, the unbounded prospect of the sea, contrasted with the landscape, which the neighbouring country affords forms one of the most striking variegated scenes imaginable.

When the civil wars broke out between Charles I. and his parliament, this town and fort was seized by the latter as a place of great importance; but it was one of the first that declared for Charles II. when they heard of Monk's restoring him to the crown; Catherine, the consort of that prince, landed here from Lisbon, where she waited five days before the King's arrival, when they were married by Dr. Sheldon, in the governor's chapel.

The Victualling-office is a large edifice in King's-street, with a handsome house annexed for the agent victualler, the principal officer belonging to it. Here beef and pork are slaughtered and salted, biscuit baked, and every other necessary of provision stored for the service of the navy.

The armoury, tho' much inferior to that in the Tower, is by no means unworthy of notice. It is an old building near St. Mary's Street, containing arms for five thousand men, which are kept in the most exact order.

In 1754, was built by subscription of the inhabitants, a large and commodious bathing-house, containing four fine baths of different depths of water, two of them large enough to swim in. It is situated near the mouth of the harbour, close to the run of the tide, and every flood is plentifully supplied with water. In it are two good dressing-rooms, one for the gentlemen, one for the ladies, with every other necessary accommodation.

We shall now proceed to the King's mill, Gun-wharf, Dock-yard, &c. &c. &c. The King's mill is situated about a quarter of a mile beyond the quay-gate, in the road to the dock-yard, and is a large brick building, raised on great piles, 35 and 30 feet long, shoed with iron, and driven into a marshy ground. This work cost the government between 6 and 7000*l*. The mill is worked by a great stream of salt-water from the harbour every tide, which is received by means of a sluice, into a very large basin close to the mill, and contiguous to a part of the works: the sluice is let down at high-water, and when the tide ebbed some little time, the water is worked back again into the harbour. Most of the grain used in Town, Common, and adjacent places, is ground at this mill, and so would the corn for the use of the navy and garrison, in case of a siege.

A little beyond the mill is the Gun-wharf. This is the grand arsenal for cannon, mortars, bombs, carcases, carriages, ball of all dimensions; and has large storehouses, fitted with every necessary requisite for a sea or land engagement. Every ship in ordinary has on the wharf her guns, placed in regular rows, each ship's guns by themselves, with the name of the ship they belong to, painted in capital letters on the first gun of each parcel, and all kept in exceeding good order: the balls are formed in regular pyramids, from 42 pounders to the lowest bores, every size in a pyramid; the bomb-shells in the same regular order.

There are genteel houses, exclusive of the officers, for the officers to reside in, all walled in with a strong high brick wall; these, with the walks before them, the rows of trees, and the wilderness, have a most pleasing effect on the spectator. From hence we proceed through the

Common, (which we shall describe in its proper place) to the Dock-yard, which is esteemed the largest and most superb in the known world.

The Dock-yard resembles a town in the number of its dwelling-houses, offices, store-houses, lofts, and other edifices erected for carrying on the various purposes of the yard. It contains amazing quantities of every thing necessary for the royal navy. There are never less than 3000 men employed in it, and in time of war, upwards of 2500, who last war were all disciplined and formed into a regular body, ready for action in case of necessity. They were under the command of the commissioner as their colonel; the master-builder lieutenant-colonel; the clerk of the cheque major; the captains and subalterns being chosen from among the other officers.

The Commissioner's house is very genteel and commodious, the King lodged in it when he honoured this place with a visit, in 1773: there is a row of well-built brick houses in a part of the yard, wherein dwell the builder, the clerk of the cheque, store-keeper, clerk of the survey, the masters attendants, &c. There are houses in different parts of the yard for the rest of the officers. In the front of the above row, is a beautiful double-gilt statue of King William III. standing on a marble pedestal, the gift of colonel Rich. Norton, of Southwick, finished in the manner of the *Cæsars*.

The Rope-house wherein the cables are made, is 1094 feet long, by 54 broad; the spinning-house over it is of the same dimensions: some of the cables are so large that eighty men are required to work them, who from the laboriousness of the business are not able to continue at it above four hours in the day. A

royal academy is established here at the public expence, where youth are instructed in every branch of learning; necessary to qualify them for the service of the royal navy. In this seminary, the strictest care and attention are taken of the young gentlemen's education. The commissioner is governor of this academy.

In one of the rooms is a superb model of the Victory, a first-rate ship of war, built in this yard, and unfortunately lost with the brave Admiral Balchen, near the Race of Alderney, in the year 1744. This ship mounted 110 brass cannon, and had on board 1000 men, all of whom perished. This model is about five feet long from the taffrel to the head, and was built in this yard at an amazing expence; all the running rigging is twisted silk, the carved work on the head and stern is very minute and beautiful; it is preserved in a glass case, and is really, without exaggeration, a most valuable piece of workmanship. Under a glass cupola, in the same room, is a very fine Orrery, constructed by the ingenious artist Mr. Wright. Near the academy is an Observatory, furnished with every necessary instrument, proper for the uses for which it was raised.

A little farther from hence stands the chapel for divine service. The docks and basons are beyond every thing we can conceive magnificent. Within these few years a piece of new ground of about fourteen acres, on the north side has been added, being taken from the harbour, and raised to a level with the other parts of the yard. On a declivity to the harbour, on this new ground, are four slips, two for building large ships, and two for smaller rates; besides these, two other slips are intended to be made.

The Blacksmith's shop, where all

the anchors and iron-work are wrought for the navy, is the next structure that claims our attention; some of the anchors weigh from forty to eighty hundred weight. This shop strikes the spectator at first view, with the remembrance of the fabulous story of the forge of Vulcan, and the workmen bring to his recollection the figures of the Cyclops. The men of war on the stocks, and those under repair in the docks, are very striking to strangers, as is also the conveniency of stepping from the shore on board these floating castles, when they are out of the docks, and lie along-side the jetty-heads.

A more minute description of the yard would engross more room than our plan will permit; it will be sufficient to add in general terms, that it furnishes every article for the completion of our ships; that an inconceivable regularity is observed in the disposition of the stores of every kind, and that it is very justly the admiration of the whole world. Whilst the attention of the reader is upon this subject, we shall proceed to an account of two dreadful fires, which happened in the yard some years ago, beginning with that in 1760.

On the 3d of July, 1760, just after midnight, a dreadful fire broke out in the Dock-yard, in one of the principal warehouses, wherein was deposited pitch, tar, oil and turpentine, with vast quantities of other combustible materials, which it soon reduced to ashes, but it did not stop here, for having communicated itself to another warehouse, where were prodigious quantities of dry stores, it raged with an amazing and dreadful rapidity. According to the most general opinion it was set on fire by lightening, and indeed not without great reason was it supposed to be so; for a night of se-

verer thunder and lightening was scarcely ever remembered; and as all, or most of the windows of the lofts where the hemp was deposited were left open to air it, the season being uncommonly sultry; its taking fire was not to be wondered at, from the intense heat of the atmosphere; but as the lightening was accompanied with a very heavy rain the chief part of the night, happily the conflagration did not extend through the whole yard; the loss on this occasion was immense, but such was the assiduity of administration, to make good the damage it had sustained, that the whole was in a few months put into as perfect a state as before this accident happened. Thus the dock-yard like another phoenix, arose afresh from its own ashes. But still a more horrible conflagration happened in this yard, on the 27th of July, 1770, about three o'clock in the morning; as no reasonable proof has ever been produced of its being occasioned by lightning, or any other accidental cause; and as the utmost precautions are always used to prevent any ill effects from fire, the public are of opinion it was perpetrated by emissaries, at that time in concert with Spain, to deprive us of some of our most valuable colonies. It is not well known who first discovered it, but from some circumstances, it appears to have been the centinels on duty, as about five o'clock in the morning, a gentleman in his study saw a prodigious smoke proceeding from the rope-house, which alarmed him much, and was going to acquaint the officers on duty of it, when he heard the drum beat to arms, and very soon after saw the whole dock-yard, as it were, in flames.

The house where the pitch and tar were lodged, was soon reduced to a heap of rubbish. Shortly after

which, the fire broke out in four other different places, and burned with such violence that it threatened the destruction of the whole yard; the inhabitants were filled with the utmost consternation, but by the shifting of the wind, the assistance of the artificers, the seamen and marines, together with numbers of other people who lent their aid, the progress of the flames was stopped, about three in the afternoon. The confusion of all ranks of people rendered it impossible to collect such authentic particulars concerning the rise of this dreadful event as we could wish: The accounts mostly to be depended upon are, that the fire was seen first to burst out from the laying-house, about the middle, from whence the flames soon communicated themselves to the spinning-house, owing to some temporary sheds erected between the two buildings, from hence they reached to the oar-house, and set fire to the carpenter's shop, at which time the other storehouses caught, the flames spreading as far as the mast-house, so that in a few hours, masts, cables, and the most valuable materials of the yard, were totally consumed: The carpenter's shop and mast-house were intirely destroyed. Indeed none of the different departments escaped considerable hurt. The total loss was estimated at an amazing sum.

The accident falling out at a time when we were apparently on the eve of a war, gave rise to many disagreeable suspicions, which a variety of collateral circumstances served much to corroborate. A few days before the fire, more foreigners than usual were seen in different parts of the town, some of them persons of seeming distinction; and it was remarked at the same time several French vessels had been seen hovering about the coast, which all disappeared

disappeared as soon as the fire happened. By the unwearied exertions of government, which were astonishingly great on this occasion, the above losses were repaired in about eighteen months; losses! in themselves sufficient to have ruined some states.

(To be continued.)

On the Origin and Dignity of FREE MASONRY.

WHEN the almighty architect of the universe had finished his most glorious works, he pronounced them to be all *very good*; and as he left his creatures to imitate his example in a subordinate degree, hence the origin of masonry, and all the beneficial consequences that have flowed from it. It is uncertain how far free masonry was carried on before the days of Solomon; but all authors have agreed, that when that great prince finished his famous temple, the art was reduced to a system, and ever since that period free masons have lived together as brethren. Many ridiculous stories have been told concerning their form of admission, but this was the effect of ignorance and prejudice. The greatest and the best men in all ages, and in all civilized nations, have considered it as an honour to be admitted into this more than honourable society. Indeed, this is not much to be wondered at, when we consider that all the rules of the societies of this worthy fraternity, obliges the members to do good. No indecent expression is to drop from their lips; no injury is to be done to their fellow-creatures; but, on the contrary, they are to be modest in their deportment; and when their brethren solicit their assistance, they are obliged

to relieve them. King Henry IV. of France, being asked by one of his courtiers what he considered as his highest honours, answered, "The granting toleration to Protestants, and being admitted a free mason." King Charles II. of England, was frequently grand master of the free masons; and many pleasing and innocent amusing evenings he spent with them. It may be asked, why did so many great men desire to become masons? and why does that desire still continue? To this I shall answer, that masonry or architecture is the grandest art in the world; from the construction of a cottage or a farm-house, up to the most noble palace, all are necessarily exerted, and the aid of human learning must be called in. It was by masonry that temples were first erected, for the worship of the Divine Being; and by that useful art, even the poorest are screened from the inclemency of the weather. By architecture, or masonry, we are enabled to enjoy in elegance the fruits of our industry; and by it our ancestors were protected from the rapacious hands of the invading foe. It is therefore not much to be wondered at, that an art so useful and honourable should inspire its members with such sentiments as must ever do honour to human nature. How can we be surprized to find ingenious artists, who have spent many years in acquiring knowledge, first reducing that knowledge to practice in utility and elegance, and then going on to support each other as brothers. Upon the whole, free masonry, whether we consider it as an art, or its members as a society, is one of the noblest institutions for the good of mankind. There never was an instance in which they injured the peace of human society, but there are many of their having relieved the afflicted.

Description

Description of Glastonbury and its Waters.

Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, is 121 miles from London. It is situated in a spot almost surrounded by rivers, from whence it is called an island. A few stockings are the only manufactures of the town, but strangers who resort thither to see its antiquities, and to drink its mineral waters, are its chief support. The waters are efficacious in the asthma and dropsy, in the cure of scorbutic complaints, in ulcers, and even cancers. The Holy Thorn, as it is commonly called, in the church-yard upon the hill, said to have bloomed from the staff of Joseph of Arimathea, and to blossom only on Christmas-day, hath brought innumerable crowds to Glastonbury. Though it is disputed whether Joseph was ever in Britain. The original thorn is said to have been cut down, but various branches of it are still growing about the place. They do not, however, bloom on Christmas-day, but several days after.—Thus from superstition:

"Wonders upon wonders ever grow,
 "Chaos of zeal and blindness, mirth and woe;
 "Visions of devils into monkies turn'd,
 "That hot from hell roar at a finger burn'd;
 "Bottles of precious tears that saints have wept,
 "And breath a thousand years in phials kept."

An Account of Dulwich, famous for its Mineral Waters.

Dulwich, in Surry, on the borders of Kent, is five miles from London. Its excellent medi-

cinal waters called Sydenham Wells, have rendered it famous. They are a fine antiscorbutic, and admirably cool the blood. This place is likewise famous for the Hospital or College of God's gift, built by Mr. William Allen, a principal actor in the time of Shakespeare, and who performed many of the chief characters in the plays of that admirable poet. This gentleman lived to be several years master of his own college, which he founded for a Master and Warden, who were always to be of the name of Allen, or Alleyn, and likewise bachelors, with four fellows, of whom three were to be divines, and one an organist; six poor men, six poor women, and a school for the education of twelve poor boys; and by his endowment he excluded all augmentations thereto by future benefactions. Here is a very handsome chapel, in which Mr. Allen and his wife lie buried.

Observations on some Passages in the Archbishop of York's Sermon.

THOUGH there seems not a little art in the composition of the Archbishop of York's Sermon, and that he has provided somewhat of a covering for arbitrary power in church and state, yet it may easily be discerned that the preacher's sentiments are at bottom not so favourable to liberty as might be wished.—

He speaks for himself thus: "For though it be not disputed that Christ's kingdom is spiritual, yet if we examine the actions of sects and parties, and even the reasonings of many writers on questions of the first importance to society; we shall find that the minds of men are still under some misconceptions of this great truth."—

Here

Here then is an acknowledgment of this great truth, that Christ's kingdom is spiritual, but writers and actors among the sects misconceive. Pray what does the learned preacher mean by the word *sect*? Opinions different from the majority may be good or bad, faulty or commendable, as may happen. Christians at first were called the sect of the Nazarenes—I could wish to know what denominates a sect or sectary in the Christian church that is reprehensible by the Gospel?

The preacher goes on: "Some of the bad effects which have arisen from an erroneous apprehension of Christ's kingdom, seem to be derived from men having confounded the dominion of Christ, which is over the heart and mind, with things that are different, Christian sovereignty, Christian establishment, and the formal profession of the Christian religion."

I could have wished the learned preacher had here also told us what he meant by Christian sovereignty and Christian establishment, as things differing from the dominion of Christ over the heart and mind; for as the words stand in this sermon, they seem to convey no precise meaning. If Christ is the sole King in his kingdom, and I am to obey his laws only in matters relating to my spiritual concerns, what can be meant by Christian sovereignty as differing from, or taking me out of that dominion which Christ is acknowledged to have over my heart and mind?—These words then being too general to make much of them, the preacher comes to the views and principles on which the society for propagating the Gospel was established, and to whom he was particularly addressing its successes, &c. "Those successes gave apprehensions to such as meant not peace, and were among the first causes of our calamity."—

What would the learned preacher insinuate here? That the success of spreading the Christian religion, and propagating the Gospel of Christ, gave pain to any of our Christian brethren abroad; or that this had anything to do with our present calamity?—Surely no.—But if under the pretence of propagating the Gospel should be meant the propagation of ecclesiastical power, (alliances feigned between church and state, which never existed in fact, and can never be supported by right) as made any apprehensive their rights and liberties as men and Christians were in danger, that will always produce calamities.—"But now the satisfaction we feel is turned into lamentation, our hearts are full of heaviness as those who mourn for their mother—the horrid sufferings of our brethren the laity, confinement and imprisonment, for no other offence but that of being dutiful subjects, and the ministers of our church pursued with a licentiousness of which no Christian country can afford an example—the neighbouring savages may—I will leave it—it is too melancholy, and on another account, it may excite too much of that resentment which is the business of religion to moderate, &c."—Whether the preacher has used more oil or water in this paragraph, or whether it has a greater tendency to inflame or heal, must be left to his readers: the plain truth, when taken out of this colouring, is this—The colonies thought the parent country had exceeded their just authority and abused their power, for which reason resistance in the colonies became their duty, and they thought themselves obliged to take up the sword against all those who had thus attempted, or were engaged against them.—In this cause all the different colonies united, and the vessels of honour and dishonour throughout were those who

who were friends to, or enemies of, the taxing power, be they who they may. On the other hand, the parent country sent fleets and armies to reduce the colonies to submission, and to assist and encourage all persons of the colonies who, as she termed it, were desirous of continuing dutiful and obedient subjects—that these sentiments and actions have brought on the miseries of a civil war is true and certain, and whoever is in fault, or whoever suffers, the case calls for humiliation and sackcloth on all sides that so it should be. The preacher now comes to what he terms the causes of our present situation, and which he reckons to be in part owing to mistakes and inattention of government, but these he will not discuss as they would afford a large field—partly to the present state of our morals and opinions; and a fair estimate of the one would, he thinks, enable us to account for the other; however, as he should not attempt a disquisition of the former, so he should only observe some loose opinions, and which he thus introduces: “It is the practice of sectaries to claim more than they are disposed to give, and when possessed of power to pretend to an unrestrained right of preaching and propagating, &c.”—This to me wants explanation and some application, ere the words can be rendered of any use, or admit of any answer: but the preacher is more particular, when he adds, “Texts of scripture are mistaken, which, releasing from the Jewish ritual, are supposed, i. e. misconceived, to release from the laws of the state under the notion of Christian liberty.”—If Christ has set me free from the observance of the Jewish ritual, which was confessedly of divine appointment, it should seem strange, that it should not be free, *a fortiori*, from any other that has not so high an original. Christians are

the subjects of Christ, and in matters of religion owe allegiance to none but him.—The learned preacher indeed confesses, that the secret intercourse between a man's spirit and its Creator excludes all foreign cognizance, i. e. man as an individual is free, but not so when considered as a member of a Christian society, or, as the learned preacher expresses himself, “nor so when sects are formed, assemblies convened, doctrines framed, and men appointed to propagate them.” The plain English seems to be, that the Gospel will never do well till the states have taken it into their hands and modelled it. In this state of things, when every man, with the Gospel in his hand, takes on him to judge for himself what his master requires of him, and acts accordingly in the worship and service of God, he shall be called a sectary, and if he joins with others in social worship, publicly acknowledging what he apprehends to be the faith and duty of a Christian, and is concerned to have ministers that may lead the worship in such assemblies; why then he shall be told, that “in such a state of things every legal government, by its inherent right of providing for its own safety, is justified—in what? how far? in enquiring what these doctrines are; they may be immoral, seditious, subversive of society, &c.” They may be neither, and what then? Pray who is the learned preacher talking about, or who does he point at?—It is merely Utopian, or what bodies of people exist among us, to whom the words are to be applied?—He adds, “It was a favourite doctrine in the last century, that dominion was founded in grace, and that those who were pleased to call themselves the saints, thought they had a right to all the power and property in the universe—the history of fanaticism would furnish many

such examples." Aye, and the history of the power claimed by many ecclesiastics in every century will furnish more, who have annexed dominion to what they have been pleased to call the church, to the exclusion of another that were not of their peculium, and more stress laid by some on propagating the church than the Gospel.—"When a sect is established, it usually becomes a party in the state—a system of civil opinions by which distinguished, at least as much as by religions."—I ask again, who are those who are thus distinguished, and to what system would the learned preacher conduct us for the proof of his remark "upon these, when, contrary to the well-being of the community, the authority of the state is properly exercised?"—When not contrary, I would hope the state has no authority to exercise.—And now for the application of those dark hints and insinuations: "The laws against the Papists have been severe, but these are on account of their political not religious sentiments. They acknowledge a sovereignty different from the state, and can give no security for their obedience—as new dangers may arise; so if, at any time, another denomination should be equally dangerous to our civil interests, it would be justifiable to lay them under similar restraints."—If the learned preacher had known of any such, why had he not pointed them out as well as the Papists? why these mean covert insinuations to blow up the fire of persecution; and this especially, when he knows of none who acknowledge a sovereignty different from the state, but that preferred by all, that Christ is King in his church, nor any principles of a civil kind held by one denomination that are not professed by the rest, except passive obedience and non-resistance be made part of the civil creed; and

which the wisest and honestest among all have avowedly denied.—The preacher goes on to observe the artifice of faction, in looking out for somewhat colourable, by which the ignorant may be deceived, and this is commonly effected by the adoption of a false, or the misapplication of a true principle; and in proof he mentions the glorious name of liberty, and that of the revolution. The former he defines a freedom from all restraints, except such as established law imposes for the good of the community. "The foundation of liberty is the supremacy of the law, a steady uniform rule to which all well-meaning people may in all circumstances safely adhere: but to others contrary minded, he smartly puts such in remembrance that humour and interest is a better substitute for the measure of their obedience."—I must humbly beg leave to say, that I think the learned preacher's exception destroys the definition, and that to lay the foundation of liberty on the supremacy of the law may be on a rock to-day, and the sand to-morrow.—Liberty is a freedom from all unnecessary restraints.

The SEASONS; an Allegory.

THERE is hardly any thing gives a more sensible delight, than the enjoyment of a cool still evening after the uneasiness of a hot sultry day. Such a one I passed not long ago, which made me rejoice, when the hour was come for the sun to set, that I might enjoy the freshness of the evening in my garden, which then affords me the pleasantest hours I pass in the whole four-and-twenty. I immediately arose from my couch, and went down into it, You descend at first by twelve stone steps into a large square, divided into four grass-plats, in each of which

is a statue of white marble. This is separated from a large parterre by a low wall, and from thence through a pair of iron gates, you are led into a long broad walk of the finest turf, set on each side with tall yews, and on either hand bordered by a canal, which on the right divides the walk from a wilderness parted into variety of allies and arbours, and on the left from a kind of amphitheatre, which is the receptacle of a great number of oranges and myrtles. The moon shone bright, and seemed then most agreeably to supply the place of the sun, obliging me with as much light as was necessary to discover a thousand pleasing objects, and at the same diverted of all power of heat. The reflection of it in the water, the fanning of the wind rustling on the leaves, the singing of the thrush and nightingale, and the coolness of the walks, all conspire to make me lay aside all displeasing thoughts, and brought me into such a tranquility of mind, as is, I believe, the next happiness to that of hereafter. In this sweet retirement I naturally fell into the repetition of some lines out of a poem of Milton's, which he entitles *Il Penseroso*, the ideas of which were exquisitely suited to my present wanderings of thought.

Sweet bird! that shun'st the noise
of folly,

Most musical! most melancholy!

Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods
among,

I woo to hear thy evening song:

And missing thee, I walk unseen

On the dry smooth-thaven green,

To behold the wandering moon,

Riding near her highest noon,

Like one that hath been led astray,
Thro' the heaven's wide pathless
way,

And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping thro' a fleecy cloud,

Then let some strange mysterious
dream

Wave with his wings in airy stream,

Of lively portraiture display'd,

Softly on my eyelids laid:

And as I wake, sweet-music breathe

Above, about, or underneath.

Sent by spirits to mortals good,

Or the unseen Genius of the wood.

I reflected then upon the sweet vicissitudes of night and day, on the charming disposition of the Seasons, and their return again in a perpetual circle: "And oh! said I, that I could from these my declining years return again to my first spring of youth and vigour; but that, alas! is impossible: all that remains within my power is to soften the inconveniences I feel with an easy, contented mind, and the enjoyment of such delights as this solitude affords me. In this thought I sat me down on a bank of flowers and dropt into a slumber, which, whether it were the effect of fumes and vapours, or my present thought, I know not; but methought the Genius of the garden stood before me, and introduced me into the walk where I lay this drama and different scenes of the revolution of the year.

The first person whom I saw advancing towards me, was a youth of a most beautiful air and shape, though he seemed not yet arrived at that exact proportion and symmetry of parts which a little more time would have given him; but however there was such a bloom in his countenance, such satisfaction and joy, that I thought it the most desirable form that I had ever seen. He was clothed in a flowing mantle of green silk, interwoven with flowers: he had a chaplet of roses on his head, and a narcissus in his hand: primroses and violets sprang up under his feet, and all nature

was cheered at his approach. Flora was on one hand, and Vertumnus on the other, in a robe of changeable silk. After this I was surprized to see the moon-beams reflected with a sudden glare from armour, and to see a man completely armed advancing with his sword drawn. I was soon informed by the genius it was Mars, who had long usurped a place among the attendants of the Spring. He made way for a softer appearance; it was Venus, without any ornament but her own beauties, not so much as her own cestus, with which she had encompassed a globe, which she held in her right-hand, and in her left a sceptre of gold. After her followed the Graces, with their arms entwined within one another; their girdles were loosed, and they moved to the sound of soft music, striking the ground alternately with their feet. Then came up the three Months which belong to this Season. As March advanced toward me, there was methought in his look a louring roughness, which ill befitted a month that was ranked in so soft a season; but as he came forwards, his features became insensibly more mild and gentle: he smoothed his brow, and looked with so sweet a countenance, that I could not but lament his departure, though he made way for April. He appeared in the greatest gaiety imaginable, and had a thousand pleasures to attend him: his look was frequently clouded, but immediately returned to its full composure, and remained fixed in a smile. Then came May, attended by Cupid, with his bow strung, and in a posture to let fly an arrow; as he passed by, methought I heard a confused noise of soft complaints, gentle extasies, and tender sighs of lovers, vows of constancy, and as many complaining of perfidiousness; all which the winds wasted

away as soon as they had reached my hearing. After these I saw a man advance in the full prime and vigour of his age: his complexion was sanguine and ruddy, his hair black, and fell down in beautiful ringlets beneath his shoulders; a mantle of hair-coloured silk hung loosely upon him: he advanced with a hasty step after Spring, and fought out the shade and cool fountains which played in the garden. He was particularly well pleased with a troop of Zephyrs who fanned him with their wings; he had two companions who walked on each side, that made him appear the most agreeable: the one was Aurora, with fingers of roses, and her feet dewy, attired in grey: the other was Vesper, in a robe of azure beset with drops of gold, whose breath he caught whilst it passed over a bunch of honey-suckles and tuberose which he held in his hand. Pan and Ceres followed them with four reapers, who danced a morrice to the sound of oaten pipes and cymbals. Then came the attendant months. June retained still some small likeness of the Spring; but the other two seemed to step with a less vigorous tread, especially August, who seemed almost to faint, whilst for half the steps he took the Dog-star levelled his rays full at his head: they passed on and made way for a person that seemed to bend a little under the weight of years; his beard and hair, which were full grown, were composed of an equal number of black and grey: he wore a robe, which he had girt about him, of a yellowish cast, not unlike the colour of fallen leaves, which he walked upon; I thought he barely made amends for expelling the foregoing scene by the large quantity of fruit which he bore in his hands. Plenty walked by his side with an healthy fresh countenance, pouring out from

an horn all the various products of the year. Pomona followed with a glass of cyder in her hand, with Bacchus in a chariot drawn by tigers, accompanied by a whole troop of satyrs, fauns, and sylfuns. September, who came next, seemed in his looks to promise a new spring, and wore the livery of those months. The succeeding month was all solid with the juice of the grapes, as if he had just come from the wine-press. November, though he was in his division, yet by the many stops he made seemed rather inclined to the Winter, which followed close at his heels. He advanced in the shape of an old man in the extremity of age; the hair he had was so very white it seemed a real snow; his eyes were red and piercing, and his beard hung with a great quantity of icicles: he was wrapt up in furs, but yet so pinched with excess of cold, that his limbs were all contracted, and his body bent to the ground, so that he could not have supported himself, had it not been for Comus the god of Revels, and necessity, the mother of Fate, who sustained him on each side. The shape and mantle of Comus was one of the things which most surprized me; as he advanced towards me, his countenance seemed the most desirable I had ever seen; on the fore-part of his mantle was pictured Joy, Delight, and Satisfaction, with a thousand emblems of merriment, and jests with faces looking two ways at once; but as he passed from me, I was amazed at a shape so little correspondent to his face: his head was bald, and all the rest of his limbs appeared old and deformed. On the hinder part of his mantle was represented Murder with dishevelled hair, and a dagger all bloody, Anger in a robe of scarlet, and Suspicion squinting with both eyes; but above all, the most con-

spicuous was the battle of the Lapithæ and the Centaurs. I detested so hideous a shape, and turned my eyes upon Saturn, who was stealing away behind him with a scythe in one hand, and an hour-glass in the other, unobserved. Behind Necessity, was Vesta the goddess of fire, with a lamp which was perpetually supplied with oil, and whose flame was eternal. She cheered the rugged brow of Necessity, and warmed her so far as almost to make her assume the features and likeness of Choice. December, January, and February passed on after the rest all in furs; there was little distinction to be made amongst them, and they were more or less displeasing as they discovered more or less haste towards the grateful return of Spring.

Remarkable Instance of the Force of Gratitude. A Tale.

A Gentleman in the western parts of England had two daughters at marriage estate, the eldest of whom was addressed by a person whose birth and fortune rendered him more than an equal match; but notwithstanding these advantages, joined to a most graceful form, and many great accomplishments of mind, she could not be brought to listen to his courtship with any degree of satisfaction, while her younger sister languished in the most ardent passion for him:—her love was of that pure and disinterested kind, that though by what she felt she was too well convinced that she never could be happy without a return in kind; yet so much did she prefer his satisfaction to her own, that she did him all the good offices in her power with her sister:—their father soon discovered the different inclinations of his daughters, and fearing he should never be able to bring the eldest to abate of her aversion, and loth

loth to lose the opportunity of so good a match for one of them, would fain have endeavoured to turn the current of the gentleman's affections to the youngest; but all efforts of that nature were wholly vain,—his reason avowed the merits of the kinder fair,—it pointed out the lasting comforts he might enjoy with one who tenderly loved him; but his heart refused to listen to any other dictates than its own, and shut out all impressions, but those it had at first received:—not all the disdain he was treated with by the one, had power to abate the ardour of his flame; nor all the soft though modest tokens of an affection adequate to her sister's hate, could in the other kindle the least spark:—a kind look from the one transported him beyond himself, but the tender glances of the other served only to add to his disquiet.

Thus did the beautiful insensible, her hapless sister, and despairing lover, unwillingly continue to torment each other, till one ill-fated day put a final period to all uncertainty and vain dependance.

The gentleman had lately bought a little pinnace, beautifully ornamented and fitted up for pleasure; to this he invited the two sisters, with several other ladies and gentlemen, who lived near the sea-side, in order to give them a regale on board. The weather being calm and clear when they set out, tempted them to sail a considerable distance from shore; when all at once the aspect of the heavens was changed, and from a most serene sky, became clouded and tempestuous:—the wind grew every moment higher, and blew so strong against them, that in spite of their intention, they were borne still farther out to sea.—The storm increasing, the vessel being weak, and, as some say, the mariners unskilful,

it bulged against a rock, and split at the bottom;—the sea came pouring in on all sides,—there was but a moment between the accident and sinking,—every one was in the utmost consternation,—the circumstances admitted no time for consideration,—all jumped overboard, taking hold of those they were the most anxious to preserve;—the gentleman caught the two sisters, one under each arm, and for a while, even thus encumbered, combated the waves; but his strength failing, there was an absolute necessity to quit his grasp of the one, in order to save the other; on which, following the emotions of his gratitude rather than his love, he let go the elder of these ladies, and swam with the younger till he reached the shore.

One of the sailors, who had gone under his protection, saw the distress of her, whom her lover had left floating, and caught hold of her garments just as she was sinking; but destiny forbad success to his endeavours; a billow, too large and boisterous for human skill or strength to cope with, came rolling over them both, and plunged this unfortunate lady, with her intended deliverer, in the immense abyss.

Her lover, who had just eased himself of his burthen, beheld from shore what had befallen her, and not able to survive the shock, turned to the lady he had preserved at the expence of all he valued in life, and with a countenance full of horror and despair, said to her, "Madam, I have discharged my debt of gratitude to you, for the unsought affection you have for me,—I must now obey the calls of love, and follow her, whom to outlive would be the worst of hells." With these words, they say, he threw himself with the utmost violence amongst the waves, which immediately swallowed him up;

Dr. DODD's LAST PRAYER,
*written June 27, in the Night pre-
vious to his Sufferings.*

GREAT and glorious Lord God !
Thou Father of Mercies, and
God of all Comfort ! a poor humble
Publican stands trembling in thy
awful presence ; and under the deep
sense of innumerable transgressions,
scarce darts so much as to lift up his
eyes, or to say, Lord, be merciful to
me a sinner !

For I have sinned, oh Lord ! I have
most grievously sinned against thee ;
sinned against light, against convic-
tion ; and by a thousand, thousand
offences, justly provoked thy wrath
and indignation ! My sins are pecu-
liarly aggravated, and their burden
more than ordinarily oppressive to
my soul, from the fight and sense I
have had of thy love, and from the
high and solemn obligations of my
sacred character !

But, oppress'd with consciousness,
and broken in heart under the sense
of guilt, I come, oh Lord ! with
earnest prayers and tears, supplicating
thee, of thy mercy, to look upon me ;
and forgive me for his precious mer-
it's sake, which are infinitely more
unbounded than even all the sins of
a whole sinful world ! By his cross
and passion I implore thee, to spare
and to deliver me, O Lord !

Blessed be thy unspeakable good-
ness, for that wonderful display of
divine love, on which alone is my
hope and my confidence ! Thou hast
invited, oh blessed Redeemer ! the
burdened and heavy-laden, the sick
in soul, and wearied with sin, to
come to thee, and receive rest.
Lord, I come ! Be it unto me accord-
ing to thy infallible word ! Grant
me thy precious, thy inestimable rest !

Be with me, thou all-sufficient
God, in the dreadful trial through
which I am to pass ! and graciously
vouchsafe to fulfil in me those pre-
cious promises, which thou, in such
fatherly kindness, hast delivered to
thy afflicted children ! Enable me to

see and adore thy disposing hand, in
this awful, but mournful event ; and
to contemplate at an humble distance
thy great example ; who didst go
forth, bearing thy cross, and endur-
ing its shame, under the consolatory
assurance of the joy set before thee.

And oh, my triumphant Lord ! in
the moment of death, and in the last
hour of conflict, suffer me not to
want thine especial aid ! Suffer me
not to doubt or despond ! But sustain
me in thy arms of love ; and oh re-
ceive and present faultless to thy Fa-
ther, in the robe of thy righteousness,
my poor and unworthy soul, which
thou hast redeemed with thy most
precious blood !

Thus commending myself, and
my eternal concerns into thy most
faithful hands, in firm hope of a
happy reception into thy kingdom ;
oh my God, hear me, while I humbly
extend my supplications for others ;
and pray, That thou wouldest bless
the King and all his family ; that
thou wouldest preserve the crown in
his house to endless generations ;
and make him the happy minister of
truth, of peace, and of prosperity to
his people ! Bless that people, oh
Lord ! and shine, as thou hast done,
with the light of thy favour on this
little portion of thy boundless crea-
tion. Diffuse more and more a spi-
rit of Christian piety amongst all
ranks and orders of men ; and in par-
ticular fill their hearts with universal
and undissembled love :—Love to
thee, and love to each other !

Amidst the manifold mercies and
blessings vouchsafed through thy gra-
cious influence — thou Sovereign
Ruler of all hearts ! — so so unworthy
a worm, during this dark day of my
sorrows : enable me to be thankful ;
and in the sincerity of heart-felt gra-
titude to implore thine especial bless-
ing on all my beloved fellow-crea-
tures, who have by any means in-
terested themselves in my preserva-
tion ! May the prayer they have of-
fered

ferred for me, return in mercies on their own heads! May the sympathy they have shewn, refresh and comfort their own hearts! And may all their good endeavours and kindneses be amply repaid by a full supply of thy grace, and abundant assistance to them in the day of distress;—in their most anxious hours of need!

To the more particular and immediate instruments of thy providential love and goodness to me, oh vouchsafe to impart,—Author of all good!—a rich supply of thy choicest comforts! Fill their hearts with thy love, and their lives with thy favour! Guard them in every danger: soothe them in every sorrow: bless them in every laudable undertaking: restore an hundred-fold all their temporal supplies to me and mine: and, after a course of extensive utility, advance them, through the merits of Jesus, to lives of eternal bliss.

Extend, great Father of the World! thy more especial care and kindness to my nearer and most dear connections. Bless with thy continual presence and protection my dear brother and sister, and all their children and friends! Hold them in thy hand of tender care and mercy; and give them to experience, that in thee there is infinite loving-kindness and truth!—Look with a tender eye on all their temporal concerns; and after lives of faithfulness and truth, oh bear them to thy bosom, and unite us together in thy eternal love!

But oh, my adorable Lord and Hope! suffer me in a more particular manner to offer up to thy sovereign and gracious care my long-tried and most affectionate wife! Husband of the widow, be thou her support! sustain and console her afflicted mind! enable her with patient submission to receive all thy will:—and when, in thy good time, thou hast perfected her for thy blessed kingdom, unite again our happy and immortal spirits in celestial love, and

thou hast been pleased to unite us in sincere earthly affection! Lord Jesus, vouchsafe unto her thy peculiar grace, and all-sufficient consolation!

If I have any enemies, oh thou who diedst for thy enemies, hear my prayers for them! Forgive them all their ill-will to me, and fill their hearts with thy love! And, oh, vouchsafe abundantly to bless and to save all those, who have either withed or done me evil! Forgive me, gracious God! the wrong or injury I have done to others; and so forgive me my trespasses, as I freely and fully forgive all those, who have in any degree trespassed against me. I desire thy grace to purify my soul from every taint of malevolence; and to fit me, by perfect love, for the society of spirits, whose business and happiness is love!

Glory be to thee, Oh God! for all the blessings thou hast granted me from the day of my creation until the present hour! I feel and adore thy exceeding goodness in all; and in this last and closing affliction of my life, I acknowledge most humbly the justice of thy fatherly correction; and bow my head with thankfulness for thy rod! Great and good in all!—I adore and magnify thy mercy: I behold in all thy love manifestly displayed; and rejoice that I am at once thy creature and thy redeemed!

As such, oh Lord, my Creator and Redeemer, I commit my soul into thy faithful hands! Wash it and purify it in the blood of thy Son from every defiling stain: perfect what is wanting in it: and grant me, poor, returning, weeping, wretched prodigal—grant me the lowest place in thy heavenly house; in and for his sole and all-sufficient merits—the adorable Jesus;—who, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth ever, one God, world without end. Amen! Amen! Lord Jesus!

Discourses from the Spanish of REYJOO, on the following Subjects: The Voice of the People; Virtue and Vice; Exalted and Humble Fortune; and on the most refined Policy.

THE author of these discourses was a dignified clergyman of the church of Rome. and much respected as an Ecclesiastic, but was most admired for his candour, universal learning, shining parts, and extensive knowledge; and as a proof of the great estimation in which his writings were held in Spain, these discourses are translated from the eighth edition of his works, published in the course of a moderate number of years.

The following are some of this writer's sentiments on the *Voice of the People*:

S E C T. III.

"I was once of opinion, that in one special instance, the public voice was infallible, that is to say, in the approbation, or reprobation, of particular people. It appeared to me, that he of whom the public at large entertained a good opinion, was certainly a good man; that he was certainly wise, who was generally allowed to be so, and so on the contrary; but upon reflection, I found that in this instance also, the popular opinion is liable to mistake. Phocion, as he was once reprehending the people of Athens with some asperity, was accosted by his enemy Democritus in these words. Have a care what you say, for they will murder you for talking to them in this manner: And do you take care, answered Phocion, or they will murder you likewise, for pretending to pass your judgment. This sentence shewed, that he thought the populace hardly ever right in their decisions, with regard to peo-

ple's qualities or characters. The hard fate of Phocion himself confirmed in a great measure this sentiment, because he was afterwards put to death as an enemy to his country, by the furious populace of Athens, though he was the best man which at that time could be found in all Greece.

An ignorant man having passed for a wise one, and a wise one being reputed a fool, are things which have been frequent in many places; and applicable to this is the pleasant event which happened to Democritus with his countrymen the Abderites. This philosopher, who had long meditated on the follies and vanities of mankind, was accustomed, when any occurrence brought these reflections to his mind, to burst out into immoderate fits of laughter. The Abderites having remarked this, although they before esteemed him a very wise man, concluded that he was gone mad, and they wrote to Hippocrates who flourished at this time, and earnestly intreated that he would come and cure him. The good old man suspected how the matter stood, to wit, that the people were disordered, and not Democritus, and concluded, that what they mistook for madness, was rather a symptom of great wisdom. In a letter to his friend Dionosius, informing him of his being sent for by the Abderites, and the account they had given him of Democritus's madness, he expressed himself to this effect. "*Ego vero neque morbum ipsum esse puto, sed immodicum doctrinam, quæ re vera non est immodica, sed ab idiotis putatur;*" and writing to Philopemenes, he says, "*cum non insaniam, sed quandam excellentem mentis sanitatem vir ille declarat.*" Afterwards, Hippocrates visited Democritus, and from a long conversation which he had with him, was satisfied, that his laughter was

founded in wife and solid morality, the justness of which he was convinced of and admired, Hippocrates in a letter he wrote to Damagetus, gives a particular account of this conversation, and there may be seen his encomiums upon Democritus; among other things he says, Democritus, so far from being mad, is the wisest man I ever met with; I was much instructed by his conversation, and rendered more capable of instructing others: "*Hoc erat illud, Damagete, quod conjectabamus, Non insanit Democritus, sed super omnia sunt, et nos sapientiores effecit, et per nos omnes homines.*"

SECT. IV.

With regard to virtue and vice, the instances of the one having been mistaken for the other by the public, in particular people, are so numerous, that history stumbles upon them, at almost every step; nothing can illustrate this more evidently, than the greatest impostors the world has produced, having passed for repositories of the secrets of heaven. Numa Pompilius introduced among the Romans whatever policy and religion he thought fit, by means of the fiction, that all he proposed was dictated to him by the nymph Eggeria. The Spaniards fought blindly against the Romans, under the banners of Sertorius, he having made them believe, that through a white doe, which he artfully made use of, and had trained for his purpose, he received by occult means, all sorts of information, which was communicated to the doe by the goddess Diana. Mahomed persuaded a great part of Asia, that heaven had sent the angel Gabriel to him as a nuncio in the shape of a dove, which he had taught to put its bill into his ear. Most heretical opinions, although stained with manifest impurities, were reputed in many places

to proceed from the venerable archives of the divine mysteries.

But what has been the most monstrous in these sort of cases is, that some churches have celebrated, and even worshipped as saints, perverse men, who died separated from the Roman church. The church of Limoges, addressed for a long time in a direct prayer, which prayer exists at this day in the ancient breviary of that church, Eusebius Cesarius, who lived and died in the Arian heresy, they having, as is most probable, mistaken him at first for Eusebius bishop of Cesarea, in Cappadocia, who was the successor of Saint Basil, whereas the man we have now been mentioning was bishop of Cesarea in Palestine; I am very well aware, some authors assert, that at the council of Nice he conformed to the Catholic faith, in which he remained steady ever after; but there are so many testimonies to contradict this, and among the rest his own writings, that what is said in his defence seems void of all probability. The church of Turin venerated a thief as a martyr, and erected an altar to him, which St. Martin destroyed, after having convinced them of their error; this is related by Sulpicius in his life of St. Martin.

SECT. V.

To excite a total distrust of the *vox populi*, you need only reflect upon the extravagant errors, which in matters of religion, policy, and manners, have been seen, and may still be seen authorised, by the common consent of whole bodies politic, Cicero said, there was no tenet, though ever so wild and absurd, that had not been maintained by some philosopher or other: "*Nihil tam absurdum dici potest, quod non dicatur ab aliquo philosophorum.*" (liv. 2 de Divinat.) I will venture with greater

greater reason to affirm, there is no extravagance however monstrous, which has not been patronized by the uniform consent of some country.

Things which the light of natural reason represents as abominable, have in this and the other region passed, and still do pass, as lawful. Lying, perjury, adultery, murder, and robbery, in short all vices have obtained, and do obtain, the general approbation of some nations. The Herules, an ancient people, whose situation cannot be exactly ascertained, though they dwell near the borders of the Baltic Sea, were used to put to death all their sick and old people, nor would they suffer the wives to survive their husbands. The Caspians, a people of Scythia, were more barbarous still, they imprisoned and starved to death their own parents when they came to be advanced in years. What abominations were committed by some people of Ethiopia, who, according to Elianus, adopted a dog for their king, and regulated all their actions by the gestures and motions of that animal; and Pliny instances a people whom he calls Toembaros, tho' not of Ethiopia, who obeyed the same master.

Nor are the hearts of mankind in many parts of the world much mended at this day. There are many places where they feed on human flesh, and go hunting for men as they would for wild beasts. The Yagos, a people of the kingdom of Anlicus in Africa, eat, not only the prisoners they take in war, but feed also upon those of themselves who die natural deaths, so that among them, the dead have no other burying place than the stomachs of the living. All the world knows, that in many parts of the East Indies, they uphold the barbarous custom of the women burning themselves at

the funeral of their husbands; and though they are not by law obliged to do this, the instances of their failing to do it are very rare, because upon their declining it they would remain infamous, despised, and abhorred by every one. Among the Cafres, all the relations of a person who dies are obliged to cut off the little finger of the left hand, and throw it into the grave of the deceased.

What shall we say to the countenance that has been given to turpitude by various nations? In Malabar, the women may marry as many husbands as they please. In the island of Ceylon, when a woman marries, she is common to all the brothers of her husband, and the consoorted parties may divorce themselves and contract a fresh alliance whenever they please. In the kingdom of Bengal, all the new married women, those of the first rank not excepted, before they are allowed to be enjoyed by their husbands, are delivered up to the lust of the bramins or priests. In Mingrelia, a province of Georgia, where the people are schismatic Christians, among the compound of various errors prevailing there, adultery is considered as a thing indifferent, and it is very rare that any of either sex are faithful to their consorts: it is true that the husband, in case of catching the wife in the act of adultery, has a right by way of compensation to demand of her paramour a pig, which is considered as ample amends, and the criminal person is generally invited to partake of it.

SECT. VI.

Was I to recite the extravagant superstitions prevailing in various places, the labour would be immense. It is very well known, that the ancient Gentiles worshipped the most despicable and vile animals.

The goat was the deity of one nation, the tortoise of another, the beetle of another, and the fly of another; even the Romans, who were esteemed the most polished people in the world, were extremely ridiculous in matters of religion; St. Austin, in many parts of his treatise called "The City of God," upbraids them with it; and the most remarkable of their absurdities in this respect was, their adopting such an innumerable quantity of deities to separate and distinct charges; the protection of the harvest and the grain belonged to twelve different Gods, each of whom had his particular department. To guard the door of the house they had no less than three; the God Lorculus had the care of the wood, the Goddess Cordea that of the hinges, and the God Limentinus looked after the pediment. St. Austin jocosely remarks to them, that if each individual would appoint a porter, they would find him capable of doing much more than one of their Gods; for he would be able to execute this whole business better than three of them, and with greater security. Pliny, (who runs into the opposite extreme of denying a Deity, or a Providence, or at least of affecting to doubt there is a Supreme Being) in giving on account of the superstitious faith of the Romans, estimates the number of their deities to exceed the number of their people. "*Quam ob rem major cœlitum populis, etiam quam hominum intelligi potest.*" (lib. 1. cap. 6.) The computation is not aggravated, as every man according to his fancy appointed himself household gods, to each of whom he assigned a particular charge, and besides this worshipped all the other common gods. The multifarious number may be inferred, not only from what St. Austin has told us, but from the same Pliny,

who says, they erected temples and altars to all the diseases and misfortunes with which mankind are visited: "*Morbis etiam in genera descriptis, et multis etiam pestibus, dum esse placatas trepido metu capimus.*" It is certain, that in Rome there was a temple erected to Fevers, and another to Ill-luck.

An extraordinary Instance of Self-Denial.

AFTER the reduction of the fortress of Sole, in Hainault, by the great Marechal de Turenne, a lady of the most enchanting form and exquisite beauty fell into the hands of the soldiers, who thinking her the most valuable part of the plunder, carried her to their general. The Marechal was then only twenty-six years of age, and far from being insensible to the charms of his beautiful prisoner; he, however, pretended not to understand their motive for bringing her to him, commended their moderation and discretion; and giving them reason to believe that he imagined they only meant to place her out of the reach of their fellow soldiers' brutality, by putting her under his protection, he dismissed them. He afterwards caused the lady's husband to be sought for, and delivering her into his hands, said to him: "Sir, I feel the greatest pleasure in being able to restore your wife to you inviolate; and that you may learn what sort of an enemy you war with, know that it is to the discretion of my soldiers, that you are indebted for the preservation of your lady's honour," denying himself even the harmless pleasure that results from being known to be the author of a virtuous action.

Authentic.

Authentic.

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Authentic Anecdote of the Duke de Nivernois.

WHEN this nobleman was ambassador in England, he was going down to Lord Townshend's seat in Norfolk, on a private visit, quite *deshabille*, and with only one servant, when he was obliged, from a very heavy shower of rain, to stop at a farm-house in the way. The master of this house was a clergyman, who, to a poor curacy, added the care of a few scholars in the neighbourhood, which in all might make his living about 80*l.* a year, and which was all he had to maintain a wife and six children.

When the duke alighted, the clergyman, not knowing his rank, begged him to come in, and dry himself, which the other accepted, by borrowing a pair of old worsted stockings and slippers of him, and otherwise warming himself by a good fire. After some conversation, the duke observed an old chefs-board hanging up, and as he was passionately fond of that game, he asked the clergyman whether he could play? The other told him he could, pretty tolerably, but found it very difficult in that part of the country to get an antagonist. "I'm your man," says the duke; "with all my heart," says the parson, "and if you'll stay and eat pot-luck, I'll try if I can't beat you." The day still continuing to rain, the duke accepted his offer, when the parson played so much better, that he won every game. This, so far from fretting the duke, that he was highly pleased to meet a man who could give him such entertainment at his favourite game. He accordingly inquired into the state of his family affairs, and just taking a memorandum of his address, without disco-

vering his title, thanked him, and left him.

Some months passed over without ever the clergyman thinking a word about the matter, when one evening a footman in a laced livery rode up to the door, and presented him with the following billet:

"The duke of Nivernois' compliments wait on the Rev. Mr. —, and as a remembrance for the good *drubbing* he gave him at Chels, and the hospitality he shewed him on such a day, begs that he will accept of the living of —, worth 400*l.* per year, and that he will wait on his Grace the Duke of Newcastle on Friday next, to thank him for the fame."

The poor parson was some time before he could imagine it any thing more than a jest, and was for not going, but his wife insisting on his trying, he came up to town, and found the contents of the billet literally true, to his unspeakable satisfaction.

A genuine Anecdote of Dr. Franklin.

THE doctor is so very nearsighted, that he is obliged to wear spectacles constantly. When he was last in England, walking one morning down Ludgate-hill, he accidentally jostled against a porter very heavily laden. The fellow, irritated at what he supposed an insult, immediately turned about, and in the peevishness of resentment exclaimed, "Damn your spectacles!" — "Thank you, my friend, (replied the doctor) it's not the first time my spectacles have saved my eyes; for I suppose if I happened not to have 'em on, it would have been *Damn your eyes!*"

P O E T R Y.

ODE to the River CALDEW, in CUMBERLAND. CERBERUS, the Dog of HELL, was a LAWYER on Earth.

ON thy steep brink oft silently I've
 stray'd,
 And gaz'd with rapture on thy winding
 stream,
 Verg'd with green banks, and flowery mead-
 dows deck'd;

My pleasur'd eye the prospect round survey'd,
 And rov'd untired thro' the boundless scene.
 From *Seb'ram's** shady Hall enraptur'd; I've
 Survey the cottage † in the vale below,
 In white array'd ‡, and glitt'ring in the sun:
 Now pleas'd, I downward turn my ravis'd
 sight

On *Rose's* || vale; whose turrets rise in rough
 Majestic grandeur:
 There Flora dress'd in all her rich attire
 Serenely smiles: The stately trees project,
 At Even-tide, their shades along the walk,
 And zephyrs whisper through the trembling
 leaves;
 There Philomel her warbled song records;
 The vocal groves reverberate the notes;
 Attention's pleas'd, and every ear is charm'd.

W — C — .

August 18, 1777.

* Sebergham-Hall is a pleasant seat of
 John Simpson's, Esq; on a rising hill near
 Caldew.

† A bleaching-mill belonging to Mr.
 Robert Clarke, most delightfully situated be-
 tween two shady woods.

‡ The webbs spread upon the green have
 a most pleasing effect, when viewed from
 Sebergham-Hall, on the opposite side of the
 river.

|| Rose-Castle is the seat of the Bishop of
 Carlisle, and obtained that name from the
 sweetness of its situation.

Imitated from PETRONIUS ARBITER.

“ *Cerberus, forensis erat causidicus, &c.*”

WITH loud-repeated triple yell,
 Cerberus guards the door of hell;
 And keeps the fiends from quiet;
 And surely none's so well cut out,
 As Lawyer to stir up rout,
 And keep a constant riot.

Nay, if you mark the pleading tribe,
 While *ambo-dexter* holds the bribe,
 They've all three heads upon them;
 From either side they take a fee,
 So one's for P, and one's for D,
 The other to undo them.

While for defendant *one* must plead,
 Another by the plaintiff's fee'd,
 They speak by turns for either;
 But sooner to fill up the purse,
 A third remains the client's curse,
 That proves a friend to neither.

Say, can example prove more strong,
 Than does the tenor of my song,
 What Cerb'rus was by nature;
 For still the dog, as Ovid said,
 In Hell retains his triple head,
 A snarling, furly creature.

Still as on earth, he barks and bites,
 With friend and foe at once he fights,
 And sets his tongues a prating;
 And still, the way to shut him up,
 To ev'ry mouth you throw a sop,
 And pass him while he's eating.

VERSES

VERSES composed on viewing the turfless
Grave of the Rev. Mr. ECCLES, who sa-
tially and fruitlessly lost his own Life in hu-
manely endeavouring to save a drowning
Touth in the River Aven.

By the INVALID.

HERE worth exalted undistinguish'd lies,
No stone, alas ! to claim one grateful
tear ;

Yet Fame shall sound his plaudit in the skies,
While list'ning angels hush their hymns
to hear.

True worth alone, his monument shall prove,
No marble must be rear'd his praise to tell ;
Yet 'twere, but just that those who felt his
love,
Shou'd pay some tribute to his God-like
scal.

Shall proud Ambition sleep beneath the tomb
Of pomp and state, to catch the public
eye,

While a rude grave alone shall prove his doom
Who fell a victim to Humanity ?

Forbid it every virtue of the soul,
Ferbid it Justice, from thy sacred throne ;
Let some inscription, form'd to speak the
whole,
Proclaim his merit on some humble stone.

And, that Necessity may prove no plea,
Accept these lines, tho' homely, yet sin-
cere ;

For, ah ! did each spectator feel like me,
Not one would quit his grave without a
tear.

E P I T A P H.

Beneath this stone "The Man of Feeling"
lies,

Humanity had mark'd him for her own ;—
His virtue rais'd him to his native skies,
Ere half his merit to the world was known.

In health and full-blown prime he nobly dy'd,
To save a drowning youth he dar'd the
wave ;

But, ere his throbbing bosom well had sigh'd,
Th' obdurate Avon prov'd their mutual
grave.

O'er his remains, ah ! drop one grateful tear,
For far from * kindred, and from friends
he lies ;

No parent strew'd his solitary bier,
No kind relation clos'd his clay-cold eyes.

* Mr. Eccles's friends live in Ireland.

To AMANTHA Sleeping.

SEE where chaste Amantha lies,
Blooming, heav'nly charmer !
See, with all their arts and wiles,
The Graces doubly arm her.
A blush dwells glowing on her cheeks,
The seat of youthful pleasures ;
There love in rapt'rous language speaks,
There spreads his rosy treasures,
Arise, sweet Maid !

Arise, sweet Maid, arise !
Outhine the beauteous day !
And shew the adoring world thine eyes
Are more divinely gay.
Arise, sweet Maid !

Richest gift of lavish nature,
Matchless darling of my heart,
Ah ! too dear, too charming creature !
You on Earth an Heaven impart,
Arise, sweet Maid !

Arise, and let the God of day
See thee to my passion yield,
See more treasure given away
Than he in his vast circle e'er yet beheld.
Arise, sweet Maid !

In a LADY'S COMMON PRAYER-BOOK.

CELIA, no longer to the church repair,
Nor vex the sacred power with impious
prayer ;

You ask for mercy, which you never gave ;
You beg for life, which you deny your slave ;
If you believe that justice reigns above,
First pity learn, and what you ask, approve.
H. H.

To the Editor of the Monthly
Miscellany.

S I R,

By inserting the following in your Maga-
zine ; and an explanation from any of your
numerous correspondents, will be esteemed a
favour conferred on,

Your humble servant,

C A T O.

A supposed EPITAPH upon a Tomb-Stone.

TWO grand-mothers, with their two
grand-daughters ;

Two husbands, with their two wives ;

Two fathers, with their two daughters ;

Two mothers, with their two sons ;

Two maidens, with their two mothers ;

Two sisters, with their two brothers ;

Yet but six corps in all lie buried here,

All born legitimate, from incest clear.

Q D E

ODE to MEMORY.

By W. WOTY.

GOddeſs! o'er me diſuſe thy influence,
The world their merit owe to thee,
Their brilliant wit, their ſolid ſenſe,
Thou Parent of Ability!
Or ſhall I ſay, to dare the critic's blame
Ability, and thou, oh Memory! are the
ſame.

Whence in the ſenate doth a Tully ſhine!
Whence—but from thy inſpiring ray!
With gems collected from thy Mine,
Where long in dark repoſe they lay,
Himſelf he decks, and with thy borrow'd
light,
Transforms to lively day, th' unmeaning
blank of night!

In vain may Science with her pupil ſtray,
Thro' ev'ry path in learning's land;
Science may teach him to ſurvey.
'Tis thine to make him underſtand!
To ſtamp each image on his infant mind,
And poliſh fair the draught his fancy had
deſign'd.

Bright emanation of the Solar vaſt!
'Tis thine to range in order true
The phalanx of ideas paſt,
Fit to encounter, and ſubdue.
And into preſent act—then wanted moſt,
Bring out in cloſe array, the formidable hoſt.

Depriv'd of thee, how uſeleſs are the ſchools!
Thou active ſource of all that's great!
Reſt of thy aid, the wiſe are fools,
For Logic cools without thy heat,
But glowing by thy flame in depth of thought,
She feels her mind expand, and finds the
truth be-wrought.

Ah! what waſt Swift!—heroic Marlborough
what!
When, Memory! thou withdrew thy
light?
The god-like mind waſ all a blot,
And nature faint'd at the ſight!
O thought! to check the mad career of
pride!
From which the ſtard'd muſe with ſorrow
ſhrinks aſide!

But Goddeſs! independent of the ſame,
That animates the hero's ſoul,
That ſcreens from death the Statesman's
name,
And ranks the bard within thy roll,
In humbler ſuit I woo thee to be kind,
No idle vaunter I of large, capacious mind.

Deſcend! and place before my fancy's eye
The play-things of my boyiſh days,
(Tho' thoſe ſometimes have coſt a ſigh.)
My little works, my little plays,
When freed at even from my maſter's chain,
With Mirth, and with my mates, I revell'd
o'er the plain.

Bring each delightful, each enchanting ſcene,
To raiſe my ardent wiſhes high,
All that thy careful hand can glean,
And wing my ſpirit to the ſky,
Gay Rapture's long loſt images renew,
And hold the landſcape full,—yet fuller to my
view!

But in the back-ground ſhouldſt thou place a
train
Of forms ill-featur'd,—even one,
One o'er the whole will caſt a ſtain,
Where moſt I wiſh to meet with none.
Oh! take the blemiſh'd picture far away,
Leave me,—for ever leave,—or with good
humour ſtay!

Leave me,—ah! no,—ſo ſoon we muſt not
part!
That word alarms,—creates deſpair,
And plants a dagger in my heart,
To drink life's ebbing current there!
Stay! for with thee, as heav'n ordains below,
I'll quaff the bowl of joy, or drain the cup of
woe!

The CAPTIVE.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall-Gardens.

WHILST a captive to your charms,
I enfold you in my arms;
When I ſigh and ſwear I'm true,
Think I love no girl but you.
When I ſay your face is fair,
And all of you beyond compare;
Praise your mind and temper too,
Love but him who loves but you.

Whiſt I doat upon you more,
Than ſhepherd did on nymph before,
Can you bid the world adieu?
Can you love as I love you?
O'er lands and waves with you I'll fly,
With you I'll live, with you I'll die;
Whate'er you'd have of me I'll do,
Then think I none can love but you.

Whiſt I breathe my ardent flame,
Has your boſom caught the ſame?
Let me have, dear girl, my due,
Love then him who loves but you.
Sweet your look, and ſend your ſigh,
To my wiſhes now comply;
Hymen claims to-day his due,
Love then me as I love you.

FOREIGN

FOREIGN and DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Constantinople, July 16.

THE Captain Baskaw's fleet waits only for the signal to put to sea; and it is reported this moment that a large body of Spahis and Janissaries have received orders to march towards the frontiers of Crimea, which makes it generally believed here, that a war between the Porte and Russia is inevitable. It is also asured that Ali Baskaw, who marched at the head of 40,000 men from Erzerum towards the frontiers of Persia, had attempted to surprise Prince Heraclius who reigns in Georgia, and force a passage through his territories with his army, contrary to the last treaty concluded by the Porte with that Prince; and as the latter, it is said, was on his guard, he defended himself with so much bravery, that the Baskaw, after having lost several thousand men, had been obliged to retreat in disorder, and lay aside his enterprize.

Berlin, August 20. Last Thursday the King, accompanied by the Prince of Prussia, and Count de Hordt, Lieutenant General, set out from Potsdam for Silesia.

The two Americans, who have been here some time, one of whom is gone to Silesia, have ordered 15,000 uniforms to be made here on account of the Congress; they are to be sent to Embden free of all charges.

Bordeaux, Aug. 4. The 27th of last month, Capt Bodin, of the ship Comte de Noyon, from Guadaloupe, declared that he fell in with thirty sail of American privateers off the Great Bank of Newfoundland; and that he was informed by one of them, that of 160 ships that had sailed from Jamaica for England, they had taken more than a third. The privateer probably exaggerated a little; however, it is most certain, that the Americans have made a vi-

[*Mon. Mf.*]

gorous effort against the Great Bank, with an intention to destroy the fisheries, and several public papers have already announced the success of their undertaking.

Amsterdam, Aug. 28. The last letters from St. Eustatia advise, that an American fleet had taken and carried into Boston 40 English ships under convoy of a man of war.

Paris, Aug. 22. The troops that are ordered for our colonies are to be at Brest, St. Malo, and Rochfort, by the 15th of September, where they are to embark for their destination.

An ordinance is published here, dated July 1, by which the King grants a general pardon to all officers, soldiers, and sailors who have deserted from his Majesty's service, provided they return to their respective corps within a month after the publication of the said ordinance. The term of one year is allowed to those who are in foreign parts.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 25.
Extract of a Letter from General Washington to Congress, dated Middlebrook, June 20, 1777.

"When I had the honour of addressing you last, I informed you that the main body of the enemy had marched from Brunswick, and extended their van as far as Somerset Court-house. I am now to acquaint you, that after encamping between these two posts, and beginning a line of redoubts, they changed their ground yesterday morning, and in the course of the preceding night, and returned to Brunswick again, burning as they went several valuable dwelling houses.

"I must observe, and with peculiar satisfaction I do it, that on the first notice of the enemy's movements, the militia assembled in the most spirited manner, firmly determined

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determined to give them every annoyance in their power, and to afford us every possible aid. This I thought my duty to mention, in justice to their conduct, and I am inclined to believe that General Howe's return, thus suddenly made, must have been in consequence of the information he received, that the people were in and flying to arms in every quarter to oppose him."

Extract of another Letter from General Washington to Congress, dated Head-Quarters, Middle-Brook, June 22, Eleven o'Clock, P. M.

"I have the honour and pleasure to inform you, that the enemy evacuated Brunswick this morning, and retired to Amboy, burning many houses as they went along; some of them, from the appearance of the flames, were considerable buildings.

"From several pieces of information, and from a variety of circumstances, it was evident, that a move was in agitation, and it was the general opinion that it was intended this morning. I therefore detached three brigades, under the command of Major-General Green, to fall upon their rear, and kept the main body of the army paraded upon the heights, to support them if there should be occasion. A party of Colonel Morgan's regiment of light infantry attacked and drove the Hessian picket about sun-rise, and upon the appearance of General Wayne's brigade, and Morgan's regiment (who got first to the ground) opposite Brunswick, the enemy immediately crossed the bridge to the east side of the river, and threw themselves into redoubts which they had before constructed. Our troops advanced briskly upon them, upon which they quitted the redoubts, without making an opposition, and retired by the Amboy road. As all our troops, from the difference of their stations in camp, had not come up, when the enemy began to move off, it was impossible to check them, as their numbers were far greater than we had any reason to expect, being, as we were informed afterwards, between four and five thousand men. Our people pursued them as far as Piscataway, but finding it impossible to overtake them, and fearing they might be led on too far from the main body, they returned to Brunswick. By information of the inhabitants, General Howe, Lord Cornwallis, and General Grant, were in the town when the alarm was first given, but they quitted it very soon after.

"In the pursuit, Colonel Morgan's riflemen exchanged several sharp fires with the enemy, which, it is imagined, did considerable execution. I am in hopes that they afterwards fell in with General Maxwell,

who was detached last night with a strong party to lie between Brunswick and Amboy, in order to interrupt any convoys or parties that might be passing; but I have yet heard nothing from him.

"General Green desires me to make mention of the conduct and bravery of General Wayne and Colonel Morgan, and of their officers and men, upon this occasion, as they constantly advanced upon an enemy far superior to them in numbers, and well secured behind strong redoubts.

"General Sullivan advanced from Rocky Hill to Brunswick with his division; but as he did not receive his order of march till very late at night, he did not arrive till the enemy had been gone some time."

Published by order of Congress,
CHARLES THOMPSON, Secretary.
Extract of a Letter from the Camp at Middle-Brook, dated June 23.

"I wrote two letters yesterday by different expresses, giving an account of our being in possession of Brunswick, and the enemy retreating to Amboy, where we now hear their main body have reached; their advance guard about four miles between Woodbridge and Bonum town: General Maxwell was near them, also General Parsons, with his brigade, and Lord Sterling, with his division, is between them and our camp here; near 6000 remain (of our troops) in Brunswick.

"The enemy have thrown their bridge (designed for the Delaware) across the Sound, from Amboy to Staten's Island, by which it is clear they design to retreat if closely pushed: the weather last night and this morning has been so wet, that nothing could be done, otherwise I believe, we should have moved nearer to them; their retreat has been attended with such a destruction of property, that marks their despair of possessing this country; and Sir William Howe's reputation as a General, must be greatly lessened in their own eyes. A want of confidence in a Commander in Chief, and the troops dispirited as theirs must be, can leave them no great prospect of ending the campaign with much advantage, which has opened so ingloriously.

"On Thursday last the General Assembly of this Commonwealth adjourned to Wednesday, the third day of September next."

COUNTRY NEWS.

Extract of a Letter from Nottingham, Aug. 30.

"On Saturday last a most shocking affair happened at Bingham, in this county:

—One

—One Ann Seacy, who for some time past, at intervals, has been in a state of insanity, and who has a husband and several small children, took the opportunity of his absence to murder the youngest, an infant, about seven weeks old, by strangling it, (as it is supposed) from the marks that appeared on its neck, and the blood that gushed from its nose, though she had but a few minutes before given it suck. She was first perceived by her daughter, a girl about fourteen years of age, who, going into the room, screamed out, upon which the mother ran and bolted the outer door, but the girl's shrieks and cries were heard by the neighbours, who broke open the door, when they found the infant dead. Just at the instant they entered the room, she had got another child by the neck, which she was attempting to strangle in the same manner, but was prevented by the neighbours. She said, had she murdered the other, it would have given her ease, declaring, at the same time, her intention was afterwards to murder herself, she having several times before made attempts on her own life, but had been prevented."

Extract of a Letter from Macclesfield, Sept. 14.

"This morning at eleven o'clock, the congregation at both churches were alarmed with an earthquake, which stopped divine service; many left their hats, gloves, &c. At Capeton Chapel Lady Gray fell from her seat, and service stopped when the clergyman was entering his pulpit. At Knotterford, bricks fell from chimnies, but no real harm has been done that we yet hear of. A gentleman sitting on the grass felt the ground twice heave under him."

LONDON NEWS.

Sept. 1. A new treaty has been lately negotiated with the court of Peterburgh, for which the Czarina engages to send 30,000 into the electorate of Hanover, if a war should break out in Europe before the disturbances in America are quelled. This, it is supposed, gave rise to the report, that the said number of Russians is to be sent to America.

Extract from an Officer in his Majesty's Service, dated Ship Nancy, lying off Staten Island, July 11.

"We totally evacuated the Jerseys on the 29th ult. and came to Staten Island, and, after a few days, embarked on board the transports, leaving force sufficient for the security of Staten, York, and Long Islands. The numbers on board amount to 12,000. General Clinton is arrived, and is to remain on York Island. The Ameri-

cans are in high spirits, and say that they have drove us from the Jerseys, and obliged us to embark again for England. The Congress have recalled the oath of abjuration, and issued one of neutrality.

"We expect to sail in a few days, but our destination I am entirely ignorant of. It cannot be a great distance, as provisions are only laid in for a short time."

2. Two American privateers have taken and carried into Nantz two very rich Jamaica ships, called the Clarendon, and the Hanover Packet, laden with one thousand hogheads of sugar, and two hundred puncheons of rum, worth upwards of twenty thousand pounds sterling.

We are sorry to inform the public, that the St. Albans man of war, of 74 guns, has lost in her passage from Portsmouth to New York 128 men, soldiers and sailors, with the purser, lieutenant, &c. who died at New York. The same advices say, that the whole crew, and nearly every person on board, to the amount of 850, were in a very dangerous situation, from a violent disorder which broke out on board the St. Albans, owing to too great a number of soldiers being stowed below. It was also thought that not one in ten could recover.

An additional new raised company to the 28th regiment of foot, (late Lord Townshend's) are now upon their march from the West of England for Chatham, from whence, after being reviewed there, they are immediately to embark for America.

Sunday night between seven and eight o'clock, as Mr. Milford, of Exeter, and Mr. Axtell, bookseller, at the 'Change, were returning in a post-chaise from Croydon, they were stopped near the four mile stone by two highwaymen well mounted, and robbed of about 4l. Another chaise appearing at the time, one of them said to his companion, Bob, look sharp, take care of that chaise, while I do this over; and it is supposed they robbed every chaise that passed that evening, and made a very considerable booty.

4. If Russia troops are offered to be brought into the empire, though under pretence of defending Hanover, in order that Hanoverian troops may be sent to be slaughtered in America, the Emperor, it is already said, will oppose it. The whole Germanic body will shew themselves against the introduction of 20,000 Russians into the empire. This may prove a saving to England. The spirit and virtue of other countries ought to put us to the blush.

9. A correspondent says, that at a bakers in or near Widgegate-alley; Bishopsgate-street, there are "Lottery loaves" to be

had. With a quarten loaf you have a ticket, which entitles the purchaser to twelve guineas, if the number of it be the same as that which claims either of the twenty thousand pound prizes. The baker meets with great success, and doubts not of selling 50,000 loaves.

12. Letters by the Lovely Mary, Captain Johnson, who is arrived at Pool from Newfoundland, bring advice, that the American privateers have taken eight ships, names not mentioned, loaden with fish, which were on their passage to foreign markets. The letters also mention, that the French make great encroachments on our fishery, and that we have not men of war enough stationed there to keep them within their proper bounds; and also, that if the French men of war had not protected the American privateers, not a quarter of the mischief would have been done by them, as our men of war would have been able to have drove them out of those seas.

13. Yesterday morning, at a little past ten o'clock, Mr. Harrison was called to the bar of the Old Bailey, and arraigned on twenty-four different counts, for a forgery charged on him, and said to have been committed on the first day of July last.

The chief of the indictment was forging with intent to defraud the London Assurance Company, publishing with intent to defraud that Company; forging with intent to defraud that company; forging with intent to defraud the Bank of England, and publishing the same. He was also charged with having in his possession, a forged accountable receipt of the Governors and Company of the Bank, as a corporation.

Mr. Aubert, Deputy Governor of the London Assurance Company, was the first witness called; and he explained in as concise a manner as possible, the mode the Commissioners kept their books, which was principally this; that in delivering in accounts bars were struck, to prevent additional figures; that on the 9th of July Harrison was desired to produce his books before the committee, they wanting a sum of money; and instead of producing his books, Mr. Harrison absconded; but soon after a letter came from him at one Mr. Richardson's, at Wapping, informing him that he was there; but in the mean time they had discovered the additional 3, which was prefixed by means of the bar being erased.

Mr. Aubert deposed, that he went to Mr. Harrison. That when he saw Mr. Harrison, he assigned over to him a bond of Angus Macay for 750*l.* being the whole of the failure, and that Mr. Harrison return-

ed with him to the London Assurance Office, as a friend.

It fully appeared also, that Mr. Harrison had, previous to his committing this deception, been teased for a loan of money at different times by Mr. Macay, his friend; that he even told Macay how he was enabled to lend it, and the method he took to serve him as a friend, without the least prospect of interest to himself, and no doubt without the least intention of a defraud on others; but it appeared also that he did not know he was guilty of any offence in the eye of the law. The letter was then read, which signified in terms the most feeling, that he was distressed beyond bearance, that what he had done, was an act of kindness to a friend, who had deceived him; that God Almighty only knew where he could fly to for succour, as he had betrayed his trust, and never could be forgiven; but that he would sooner have died, than have entertained an idea of defrauding the Company. It appeared also, that when he fled, he left 1900*l.* in his desk.

The Secretary to the London Assurance Company was next sworn, who deposed that he received the letter before-mentioned directed to him, a few minutes after Mr. Harrison had left the London Assurance house; that the letter was in the hand writing of Mr. Harrison, and that he verily believed the figure 3 in the Bank account book, placed before 210, was likewise in the hand writing of the prisoner.

Mr. Hall proved, that he first made the discovery by observing the mark of the figure 3 by turning over the blotting paper. He swore he delivered 3210*l.* to Mr. Harrison, and that the figure 3 was Mr. Harrison's hand-writing, which he well knew by ten years experience.

Mr. Austin, Clerk to the Company, deposed, that he carried 210*l.* to the Bank, and gave it to Mr. Clifford, the Clerk there, and received the entries of it back by Mr. Clifford. He also swore to Mr. Harrison's writing.

Mr. Clifford, Clerk to the Bank, swore he received no more than 210*l.* and confirmed Mr. Austin's other account.—The evidence closed here, and the prisoner being called on for his defence, left it for his council. Mr. Howarth and Mr. Morgan, who contended for the intention of the fact, and also objected that the fact expressed any person or persons, and no company; likewise, that it expressed money or goods, and that a Bank note, they contended, was not money.

Judges Blackstone, Perrot, and Gould, would

would not determine the merits of the law question.—The Jury went out of court, and returned a verdict, finding the prisoner guilty of forging, &c. an accountable receipt.—An arrest of judgment was moved, and the merits are to be decided by the twelve Judges.

19. It is fixed for parliament to meet for the dispatch of business on the 20th of November next.

Yesterday letters were received at Gloucester-house, from the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, as also by the King and Queen, intimating that, previous to the sending of the messenger with the above packets, his highness was so much better, as to be able to eat some food, and had more favourable symptoms than for six weeks before.

We are extremely sorry to inform the public, that on Tuesday evening last, at his seat at Nuneham in Oxfordshire, the body of Earl Harcourt was found dead in a narrow well in his park, with the head downwards, and nothing appearing above water but the feet and legs. It is imagined this melancholy accident was occasioned by his over-reaching himself, in endeavouring to save the life of a favourite dog, which was found in the well with him, standing on his Lordship's feet. His hat and right-hand glove lay by the side of the well.

Every possible method for the recovery of drowned persons was made use of three several times, but unfortunately without effect.

Simon late Earl Harcourt, was the 27th in paternal descent from Bernard, a nobleman of the blood royal of Saxony, who being born in Denmark, was surnamed the Dane, and from whom so many noble and illustrious families, besides his Lordship, are descended; and the 21st from Jvo, Patriarch of the Harcourts of England. His Lordship, July 29, 1727, succeeded his grandfather, Simon, Baron and Viscount Harcourt, who on the 7th of April, 1712, was declared Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain; and being in that office at the demise of Queen Ann, Aug. 1, 1714, was one of the Lords of the Regency, till the arrival of King George I. Sept. 13; four days after which the Great Seal was delivered to Lord Cowper.

In May 1735, his Lordship was appointed a Lord of the Bedchamber to the late King, and attended his Majesty at the battle of Dettingen, June 27, 1743.

On the breaking out of the rebellion in 1745, his Lordship was one of the thirteen peers, who were commissioned to raise a regiment of foot, each, for the defence of the government.

On December 1, 1749, his Lordship was

further dignified by his Majesty, with the titles of Viscount Harcourt of Nuneham-Courtney, and Earl Harcourt, of Stanton Harcourt.

In 1751, his Lordship was constituted Governor to our present sovereign, then Prince of Wales; and on the 30th of April, in that year, was sworn of the Privy Council; but in 1752, resigned the office of Governor to his Royal Highness; upon whose accession to the throne, October 25, 1760, his Lordship was continued at the Council Board, and ranked as a Lieutenant General in the army, from February 1759.

July 8, 1761, his Majesty nominated his Lordship his Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the court of Strelitz, to demand the Princess Charlotte, of Mecklenburg Strelitz, in marriage; and on the 15th of August concluded and signed the treaty of marriage, and afterwards attended the Princess to England, having been, on September 5, during his absence, declared Master of the Horse to her Majesty; in which office he continued, until he was, on April 21, 1763, constituted Lord Chamberlain of the Household to her Majesty.

His Lordship was also Ambassador to the court of France in the year 1768; and in October 1772, was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, from whence his Lordship returned in January last. His Lordship was also a Fellow of the Royal Society, and one of the Vice Presidents of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce.

His Lordship, in October 1735, married Rebecca, sole daughter and heiress of Charles le Bas, of Pipwell-Abbey, in Northamptonshire, by his wife Mary, daughter and coheirs of Sir Samuel Moyer, of Pittsey-Hall in Essex, Bart. and by her Ladyship (who died on January 16, 1765) had issue two sons and three daughters, viz. George Simon, Viscount Nuneham, now Earl of Harcourt, born August 1, 1736, and married in 1765 to Elizabeth, daughter to Lord Vernon; William, born March 20, 1742-3, one of the Queen's Equerries, and a Lieutenant Colonel of the 16th regiment of dragoons now in America, who in December last commanded the detachment which took General Lee prisoner; Lady Elizabeth, born January 18, 1738-9, who was one of the ten young ladies, daughters of Dukes and Earls, who supported the train of Queen Charlotte at her nuptials, on September 8, 1761, and married June 20, 1763, to Sir William Lee, of Hartwell in Buckinghamshire; and Lady Ann, born in 1741, but since dead.

On Wednesday evening, as the Honourable

able Mr. Hawke, son of Lord Hawke, was on his return to town about nine o'clock, on horseback, he rode full gallop against the pole of a chaise going from town on full speed, which entered his left side a little higher than the groin, and ripped him open almost to his breast. He was carried to the Swan at Knightsbridge, where he died in a very short time.

Yesterday a messenger arrived at the house of his Excellency Prince Maserano, the Spanish Ambassador, with letters to his Secretary, Charge des Affairs in his absence, who brought an account that his Excellency, on the road to Rochester, had been taken dangerously ill, and that his family and attendance had been obliged to stop at three different places, on account of his Excellency's dangerous situation. On Wednesday they continued at Rochester, he not being able to travel.

22. They write from Gibraltar, that the foreign troops, officers and soldiers, who had been taken ill on their first arrival there, were now perfectly recovered; that the garrison was remarkably healthy, and never better supplied with provisions, as well by the Spaniards as from the African coast.

Yesterday Mr. Alderman Smith sent circular cards to all the Common Council of Tower Ward, informing them of his intention to resign his gown at the next Court of Aldermen; in consequence of which, Mr. Evan Pugh, Oil Merchant, in Bishopsgate-street, has, we hear, declared himself a candidate for that ward.

Wednesday evening ended, after three days play in the Artillery Ground, the grand match at cricket, Hampshire against all England, which Hampshire won by 132 notches. The Earl of Tankerville and his servant got 52 notches between them.

Tuesday night Mr. Layton, and another of his Majesty's officers of Excise, attacked a party of smugglers, thirteen in number, on the road near Kingston, Surry; when Mr. Layton was so cruelly cut and mangled, that he died yesterday in the Westminster Infirmary; the other saved his life by the activity of his horse, which jumped over a hedge into a field.

23. On Tuesday was arraigned at the bar of the Old Bailey, Bernard Christian Dates, or Yates, a German, who has heretofore gone under the title of Count Nassau, dressed like an officer, for defrauding, or aiding and assisting in defrauding, John Vanroy, a Dutch Hair Merchant, of 106 lb. of human hair, about the 24th of July. Mr. Haworth, counsel for the prosecution, opened very nearly in terms of the indictment, and

somewhat explanatory of the same, just as it came out in evidence.

The prosecutor having a quantity of hair left on hand, and wanting to go to Holland, advertised his goods, which brought the prisoner and one William Prince to him; the latter of whom said, he had a commission from a friend at Marlborough to buy 200 wt. but the prosecutor having no more than about 100 lb. they treated about that, and promised to come the next day with a person who was a good judge of hair, they being ignorant of the matter. Accordingly they returned next morning with a third person, who had no name but the King's Wig-maker, for that he had made the first wig his Majesty ever wore. After some discourse, they agreed for the whole quantity, 105 lb. at 17s. 6d. 2s. to be paid in ready money that afternoon. About four the two first came, and bundled up the hair into a coach, and took the Hair Merchant with them in the coach to their accompting-house in Pemberton Row, Fleet-street, where there appeared sundry clerks, with pens between their teeth, pens behind their ears, &c. and all in a bustle of business; the hair was ordered down to the warehouse, and wine set on the table. The Dutchman told them he did not come there for wine, he came for his money. After drinking a little porter, and one glass of wine, when he grew importunate, instead of money, he was presented with a draught of William Prince upon John Smith, agent in London, for 100l. Upon his hesitating, both the parties assured him it was as good as the Bank, Mr. Smith being a capital banker in Lombard-street, and would be paid immediately when presented; though it was then too late for that night, it would be paid in the morning. But, says he, my money is only 60l. 2s. why draw for 100l.? O! said they, a gentleman never draws, on his banker for less than 100l.—you must give us the change: That would not do at all. Then, said they, you look like an honest man, give us your note for the balance: That would not do neither. Away the merchant posts to Lombard-street; finds Mr. Smith, a banker; begs pardon for troubling him so late; he did not want the money, but only to know if that was a good bill. The banker told him he did not know the drawer; his own name was not John Smith, nor did he believe there was a banker of that name in the street; and he was afraid his note was not worth a farthing. Thus alarmed, he posts away to Holborn, and takes a friend with him to Pemberton Row, where, upon knocking at the door, he had the mortification to learn, that

that the hair and hair merchants, clerks, &c. were all decamped together; and, to mend the matter, he heard the mistress of the house calling out to the maid, to see whether they had taken any of her goods along with them. Nobody could be found, either banker or agent, to honour the draught.

The prisoner had no council: Before he pleaded he prayed his trial might be put off to next session, having handed up a petition, consisting of some sheets, which the Recorder would not enter into the merits of, but gave him time to draw up an affidavit of the facts on which he grounded his application, which, when presented, afforded no just ground of delay in a common case; but especially, as the prosecutor must have gone to Holland, and come back again to prosecute at another session, he was ordered to prepare himself with his defence. He was very prolix and verbose in cross-examining the prosecutor; yet it was somewhat humorous to see and hear the High Dutch prisoner admonishing the Low Dutch prosecutor, of the awfulness of an oath, and reverence due to it, with which he was afraid his mind was not sufficiently impressed, for want of that solemnity in administering an oath here which is practised in Holland, in all which the bench gave him full scope. The prosecutor told him, he considered himself under the same obligation to speak the truth now, as if he had been sworn in Holland. He answered very pertinently to all his proper questions, and made a long speech in his defence, wherein he alleged, that if he had deceived the prosecutor, he had been deceived himself by that William Prince; and he pretended he did not mean to deceive him, and he did not know otherwise than as Prince had represented to him.

The Recorder summed up the evidence and his defence, and the jury instantly found him guilty.

He went away muttering; but when he came to receive sentence, was outrageous in his behaviour, and was reprimanded by the bench. He is sentenced to three years hard labour on the Thames. He went away exclaiming against the Judge, the Jury, and the justice of the country.

26. A court of Common Council was held yesterday, at which were present the Lord Mayor, Aldermen Bull, Eldaile, Kennet, Plomer, Hayley, Newnham, Hart, the Recorder, and two Sheriffs.

A Common Hall was also held for the choice of two fit and able persons to serve the office of Sheriffs for this city and county of Middlesex, for the year ensuing, in the room of William Nash, Esq; who did not appear to give bond to take on him that office;

and John Cursen, Esq; who was discharged on account of his ill state of health.

After silence was proclaimed, such gentlemen who had been drank to by the former Lord Mayors, were put in nomination; when the shew of hands appeared in favour of James Savage, Esq; Cooper; and Philip Rowden, Esq; Vintner; who were declared duly elected.

There will be another Common Hall, as we hear that Mr. Savage intends to fine from serving that office.

At a Wardmote held yesterday at Bakers Hall, for the election of an Alderman for Tower Ward, in the room of Mr. Alderman Smith, Evan Pugh, Esq; of Bishopsgate-street, was unanimously chosen.

BANKRUPTS.

William Woodnorth, of Falcon-square, London, Refiner.

David King, of Fleet-street, London, Hofer.

Elizabeth Dunsford, of St. Thomas the Apostle, Devon, Widow, Ironmonger.

Thomas Wilson, of Northumberland-street, in the Strand, Miller.

Joseph Greenhill, Richard Tibbitts, William Hill, and Samuel Budd, late of Birmingham, Butchers.

John Goode, of St. Mary-le-bone, Middlesex, Linendraper.

John Haynes, of Olney, in Bucks, Innholder.

William Dobie, of Wantage, in Bucks, Linendraper.

Hugh Connon, of London, Merchant.

William Paige and Mary Paige, of Leatherhead, in Surrey, Linendrapers.

Nicholas Backihall, of Epsom, Surrey, Carpenter.

Thomas Jaques, late of Holy-well-street, in the Strand, but now of Charing-cross, Victualler.

Thomas Calvert, late of Cockerham, Lancashire, Merchant.

John Monger, of Birmingham, Merchant, George Anderfon, late of Berwick-upon-Tweed, Dealer.

Samuel Drawbridge, of Notley, in Suffex, Linendraper.

William Adwick, late of Birmingham, Builder.

Samuel Cubut, of Nearishead, Norfolk, Shopkeeper.

Edmund Brickleton, late of Wych-street, Strand, Grocer.

Thomas Smith, late of Mifferton, in Nottingham, Dealer.

David Clarke, of Stockport, in Cheshire, Check Manufacturer.

William

William Silvey Green, late of Northumberland-street, in the Strand, Merchant.

John Salisbury, of Denbigh, Denbighshire, Mercer.

Jacob Axford, of Bath, Somersetshire, Ironmonger.

John Fellows, late of the Parish of Hornsey, in Middlesex, Hay-factor.

John Taylor, of Biggleswade, in Bedfordshire, Grocer.

John Pullen, of Neasdon, in Middlesex, Coal Merchant.

John Scott, of London, Merchant.

Nathaniel Bowler, of Halefworth, in Suffolk, Merchant.

John Morfe, of Langharne, Carmarthenshire, Merchant.

Stephen Popham, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, Middlesex, Scrivener.

John Shepherd, of Whitby, Yorkshire, Shipbuilder.

John Puzey, the elder, of Wantage, in Berkshire, Hatter, Maltster, and Tanner.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Martin's in the Fields, Mr. Edward Bright, of Drury-lane, to Mrs. Hall, of Broad-court.

Abel Smith, jun. Esq; of Hull, to Miss Appleby, of Barrow, Lincolnshire.

Thomas Prawting, Esq; to Mrs. Mary Lee, relict of Mr. Edward Lee, of Mile-end, Surgeon.

The Rev. James Jones, D. D. Rector of St. Mary Somerset, to Miss Penny of Queen's-square.

Philip Hillier, Esq; of Norton Falgate, to Miss Sharrer, of St. Albans.

John Hide, Esq; of Wiltshire, to Miss Charlotte Jelfe, of Grafton-street.

Mr. Baker, Surgeon in the guards, to Miss Daniel, of Hoon Hay, in Derbyshire.

Mr. Davis, of the Custom House, to Miss Shrimpton, of Ilington.

Capt. Samuel Hough, to Miss Roberia Turner, of the Hermitage.

Mr. Austwick, Hosier, of Drury-lane, to Miss Barraud, of Kentish Town.

Mr. John Walter, Glover, of Leadenhall-street, to Miss Brasier, of Chalk Farm, in Kent.

James Green, Esq; to Miss Bull, of Kingston.

Mr. Thomason, of Well-street, Surveyor of the Excise, to Miss Mary Williams, of Fore-street.

George Purcell, Esq; of Grosvenor-street, to Miss Maria Broughton, of North-Audley-street.

Powell, Esq; of Great Ormond-street, to Miss Fleetwood, of Essex.

Thomas Bontein, of Jamaica, to Miss Cudden, daughter of the late Thomas Cudden, Esq; one of the Masters in the High Court of Chancery.

Mr. John Wickter, only son of Mr. Wickter, Haberdasher, in Little Brook-street, to Miss Fogg, daughter of Mr. Fogg, Chinaman, in New Bond-street.

DEATHS.

At Highgate, in the 72d year of her age, Mrs. Randall, wife of Mr. Randall, in North-street, Westminster.

At his house at Ilseworth, in the 86th year of his age, Abraham Franks, Esq.

At her house in Grosvenor-square, Mrs. Benyon.

Thomas Broadley, jun. Esq; one of the Jurats for the town of Dover.

At his house near the Assembly Room, Hampstead, Joshua Cooper, Esq; aged 84.

At Chester, in the 64th year of his age, Mr. Samuel Sutton, Comptroller of the Customs for that port.

At his apartments in the Custom House, Dublin, William Humberston, Esq; Deputy Receiver General in the port of Dublin.

The Rev. Mr. George William Harris, Rector of Egglecliffe, in the county of Durham, and Prebendary of Sarum.

The Rev. Mr. Potts Davies, Vicar of Abbots Aston, and Minister of Soulbury, both in Buckinghamshire.

At Bath Hampton, in Somersetshire, Ralph Allen, Esq.

Edward Willes, Esq; Counsellor at Law, Recorder of Lincoln, and a Member of New Inn.

At Hampstead, Charles Carson, Esq; lately arrived from the West Indies.

At Lincoln, George Robinson, Esq.

At Nottingham, in his 77th year, Ichabod Wright, Esq.

At Enfield, Mr. Baker, one of his Majesty's Messengers.

The Rev. Francis Fawkes, M. A. Rector of Hayes, in Kent.

At Brompton, James Crump, Esq.

In Soho-square, the lady of Sir William Desse.

The Rev. Dr. Chambers, Rector of Adchurch, in Northamptonshire.

At Tunbridge Wells, George Ward, Esq; late High Sheriff of Surry.

In Shoemaker Row, in his 73d year, Mr. Theophilus John Carnegie, Printer.

At Catton, near Norwich, the Rev. Wm. Barker Ruff, Rector of Heydon, with Irmingland, in Norfolk.

At Camberwell, Mr. Turnbull, Hop-factor, in Thames-street.

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